

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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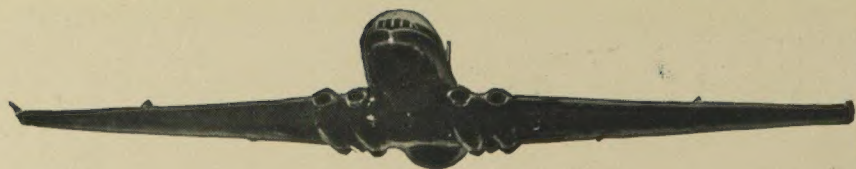


*—Enjoyed the world over—*

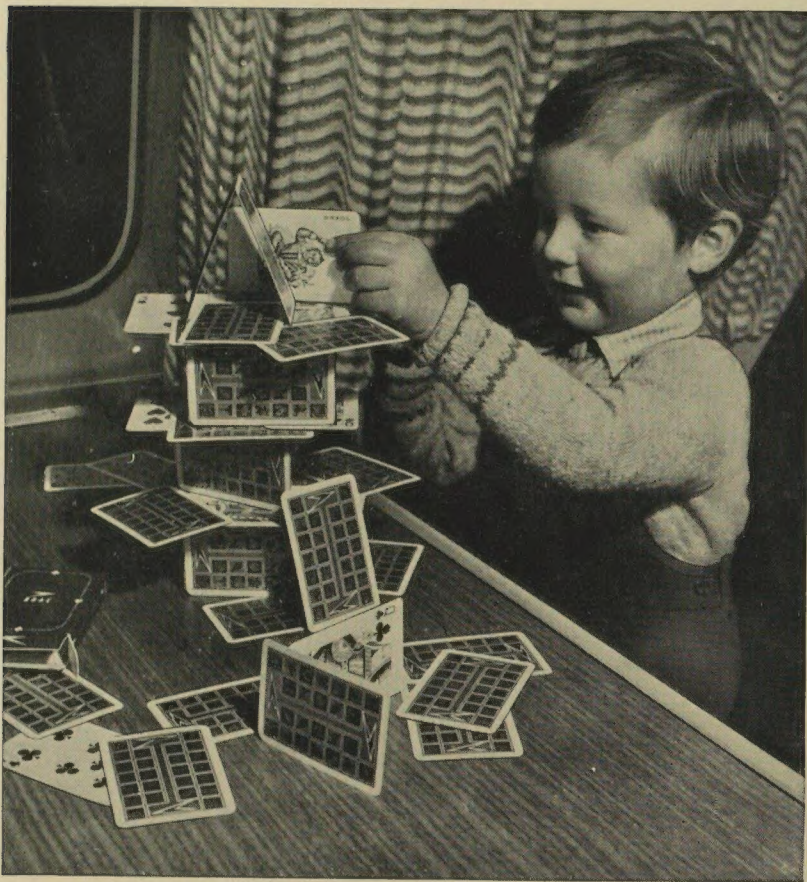
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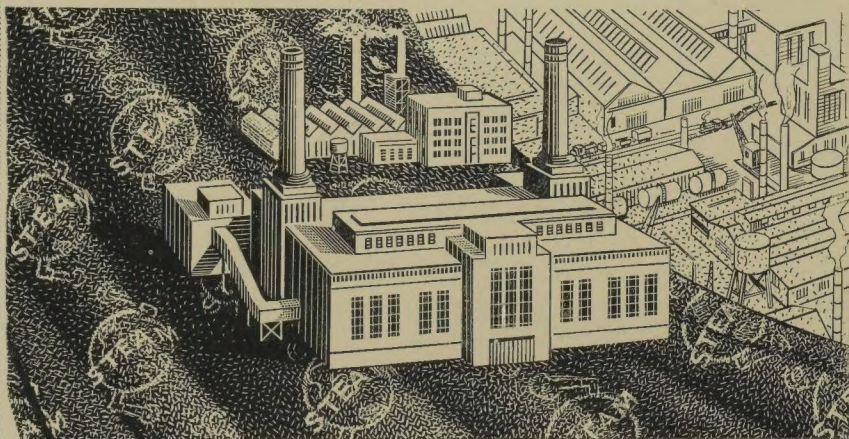
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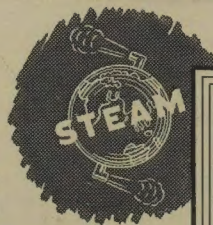
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## **The economic pattern...**

Through the pattern of the world's economy run the warp and weft of *Steam* and *Electricity*, the most important sources of world industrial power; and the most important factor in the production of *Steam*, either for generating electricity or for industrial processing, is **BABCOCK steam raising plant**, made by the world's largest manufacturers of boilers and boilerhouse equipment.

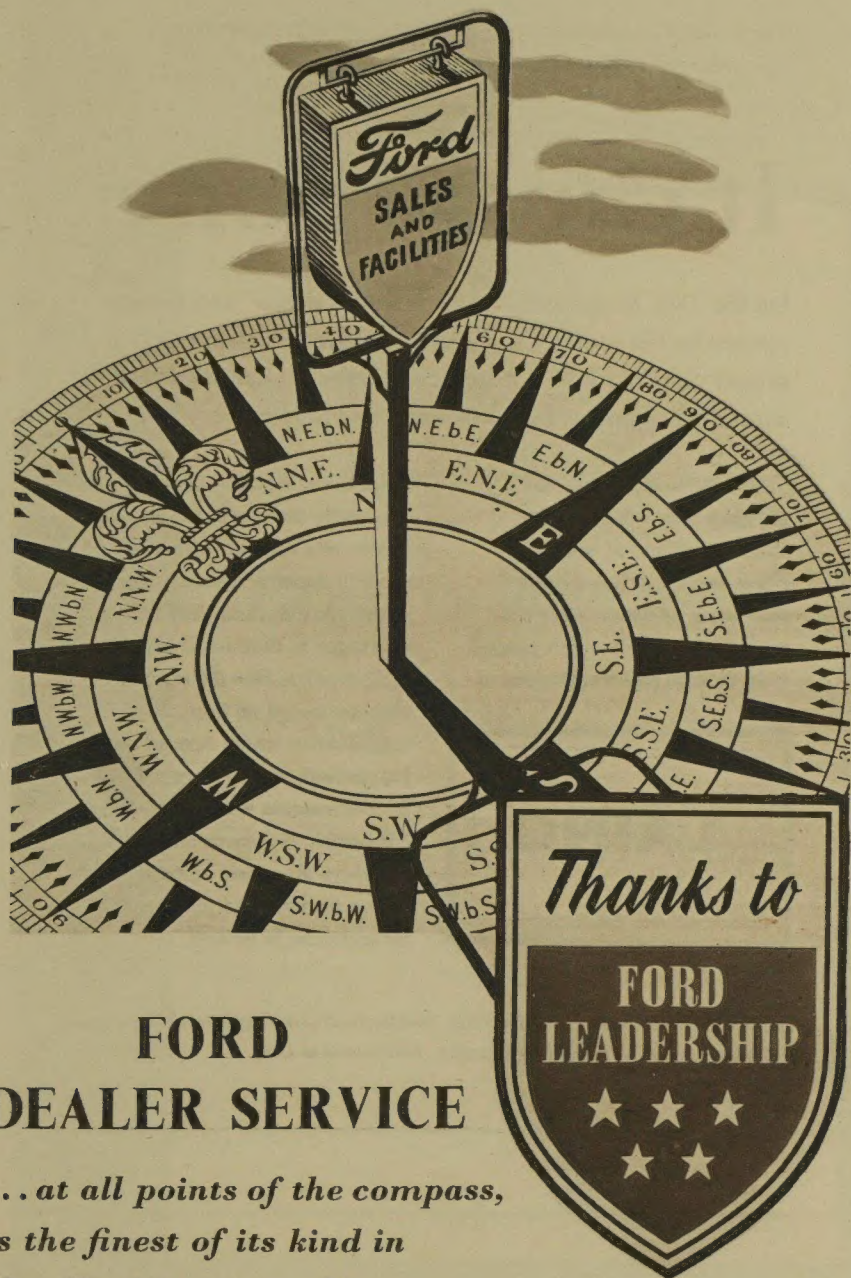
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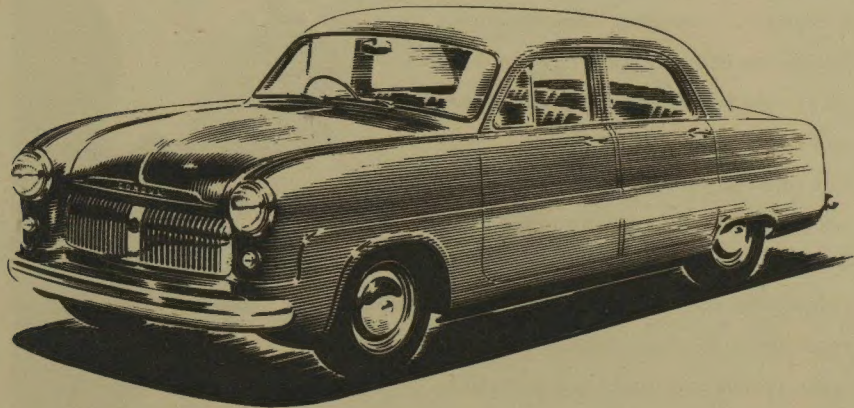


## FORD DEALER SERVICE

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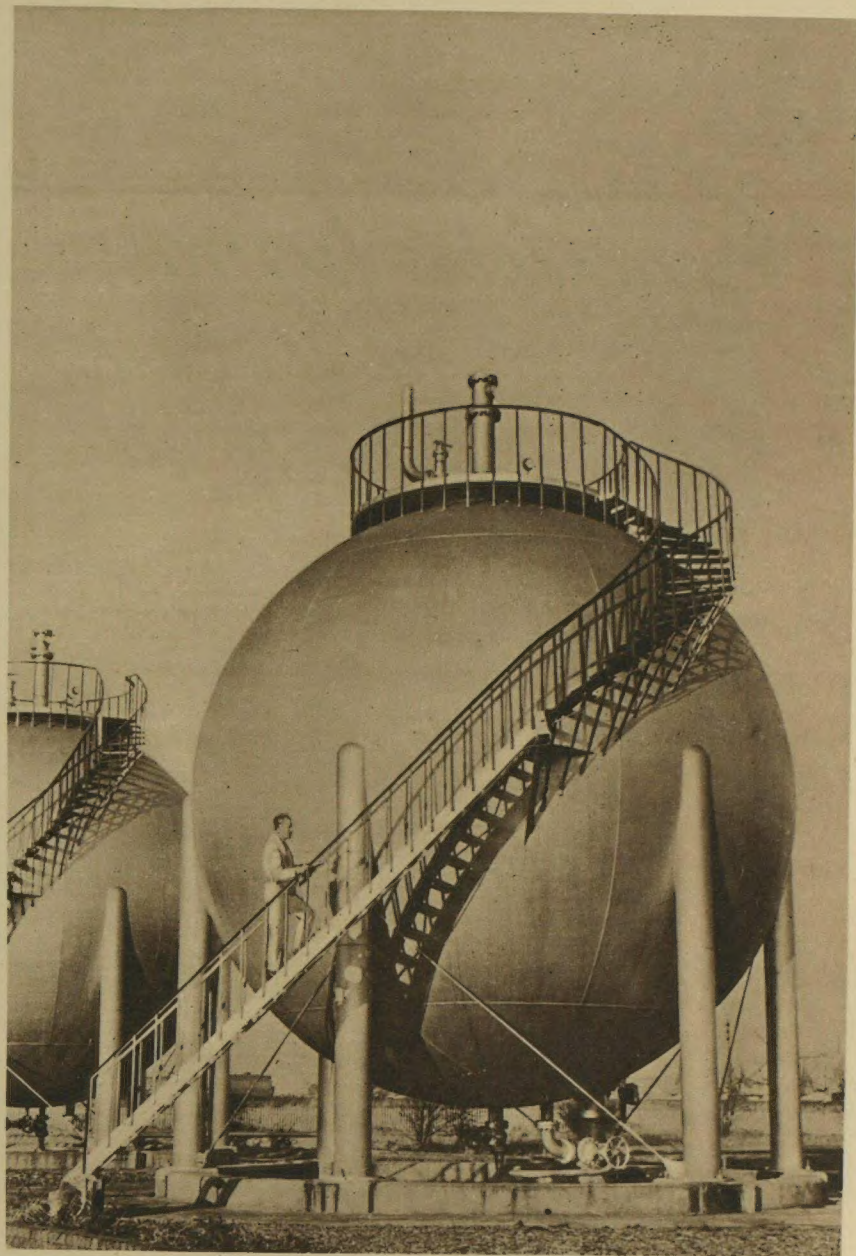
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SYMBOLIC of Anglo-Iranian's global operations, these Hortonspheres are used for the pressure storage of liquefied butane gas in the Company's refinery at Grangemouth, Scotland. By 1953 the yearly output of Anglo-Iranian's four refineries in the United Kingdom will be some ten and a half million tons. This will increase the country's total refining capacity to twenty-six million tons a year, to which Anglo-Iranian's output will be the largest single contribution.

In Australia, plans are going ahead for the construction of the largest refinery in that continent. Throughout their existing overseas refineries, Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies are rapidly increasing output to meet the world's demand for petroleum products.

THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF



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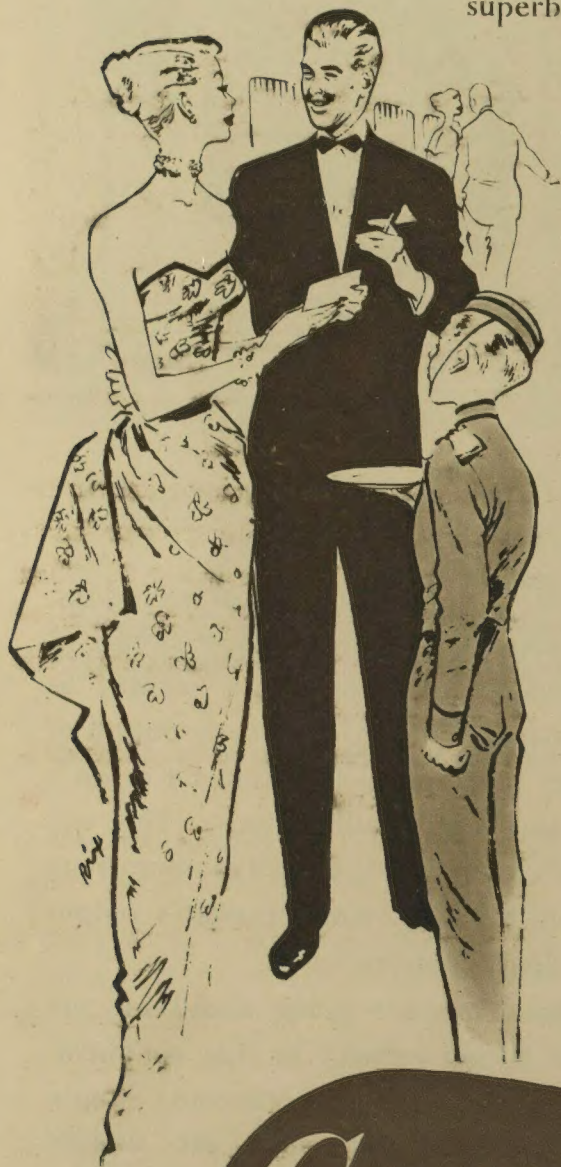


# Gracious living at its best

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of Europe, from the U.S.A., from the East, a thousand culinary delights have been gathered . . .

There is restful quiet or sparkling gaiety. Games, cinema, carnival and dance, laughter and well-being; all blended in one glorious, unforgettable experience. Your Cunard days are indeed gracious living at its best.



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or the principal travel agencies.



THE "QUEENS"—BRITAIN'S LARGEST AND FASTEST LINERS

*These facts are published to show what British enterprise can achieve in spite of difficulties.*

## It can be done

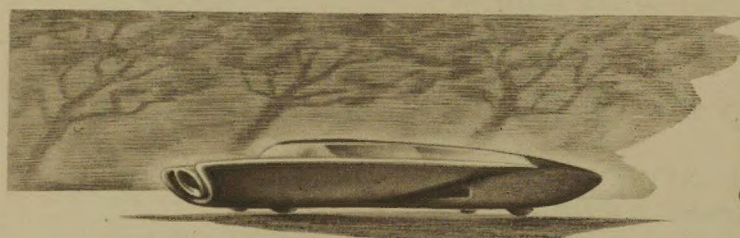
On the 18th May 1952, Benghazi's new power station was opened by His Majesty King Idris of Libya. This was the first project carried out by a British contractor in Cyrenaica. The consulting engineers were Mackness and Shipley.

When the work began, the province was still suffering from the effects of war. Plant and materials—other than sand, of which there was more than enough—were carried from Britain and transhipped at

Tripoli, for Benghazi harbour was badly damaged. Local labour was not yet trained in modern construction methods. There were dock strikes and shortages in Britain, drought in Cyrenaica. But the work was completed on time. The organisation which carried this job through is also engaged in construction works in Syria, Mauritius, Northern and Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa, besides its activities in Britain.

### LAING

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED. Building and Civil Engineering Contractors  
London, Carlisle, Johannesburg, Lusaka. Established in 1848



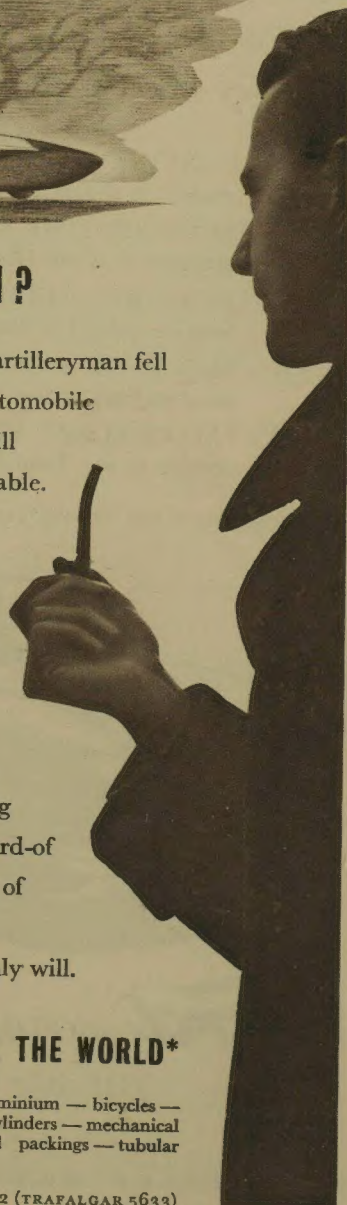
## Which year's model?

EVER SINCE 1769 (when a certain French artilleryman fell out of a self-propelled three wheeler) the automobile industry has been planning ahead. What will it offer us in 1962? Gas-turbines seem a probable. Gas-discharge lighting? . . . regenerative braking? . . . stepless transmission? . . . When the next decade's new model rolls off the assembly line, TI technicians will share in the achievement. For then, as now, TI will be ready with many of the parts to make the whole, from the components of the axles and steering columns to the seats of today—or their unheard-of equivalents to come. Ready with the bicycle of 1962, which you might not recognise. Ready with the road signs, which you certainly will.

**TI's FIFTY-ONE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD\***

\*Precision tubes — tubular components — wrought aluminium — bicycles — electrical equipment and appliances — high pressure cylinders — mechanical handling — metal sections — bus body skeletons — gland packings — tubular furniture — paints — road signs.

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED, THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 5633)

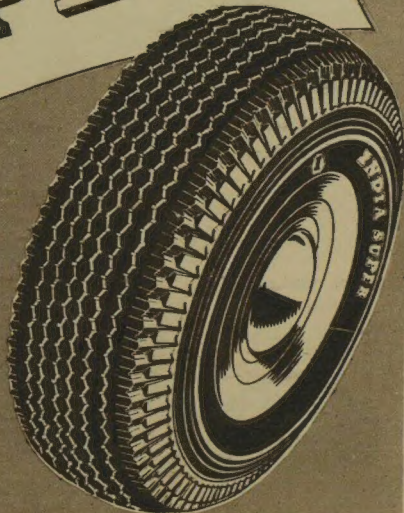




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your only safe way of saving  
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no more!

THE MODERN  
**INDIA  
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" THE FINEST TYRES MADE "



Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

### A.B. in a paper boat

It takes more than the boy with the bicycle to deliver the morning newspapers which rustle so regularly through your letter-box. Well back in the chain of production you would find Olaf Larsen\*—that is, if you knew where to look for him. A likely place would be Bowaters' private docks at Ridham, serving their paper mills at Kemsley and Sittingbourne in Kent.

Larsen is an Able Seaman, a foremast hand in one of the ships which, from May to December, converge on England with decks stacked high with logs of spruce which is paper in the raw. There are many such ships chartered by Bowaters, for each separate paper-making machine needs the trunks of 10,000 trees to keep it going for one week.

Some of the widest paper-making machines in the world are in operation at Kemsley, turning out their eight miles of newsprint every half hour, all round the clock, but even that rare sight fails to tempt Larsen down the gangway. "For the engineers, yes" he explains politely. "But me, I am a sailor." The real reason is he dare not spare the time; he is working for his Second Mate's 'Ticket'. If you told him he was already doing quite a job helping to ensure the constant flow of raw material for the free press of the world he would modestly take your word for it!



The whole wealth of Bowaters  
craftsmanship, experience and  
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\* Fictitious name

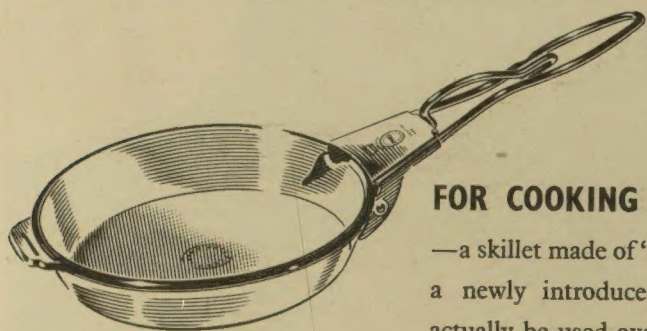


# JOBLINGS

OF SUNDERLAND

## versatility in glass

Glass was first made in the Sunderland district over a thousand years ago. Today, and for some generations, the works of James A. Jobling and Co. Ltd. have been producing an ever increasing range of articles and instruments from a variety of glasses including the famous 'Pyrex' brand, the original heat resisting glass in the world

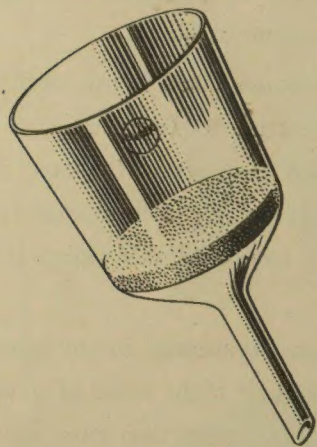
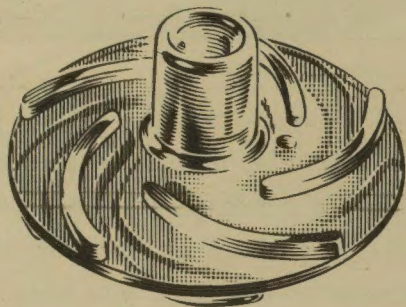


### FOR COOKING

—a skillet made of 'Pyrex' Flameware, a newly introduced glass that can actually be used over a naked flame

### FOR INDUSTRY

—a 'Pyrex' Brand glass impellor for a centrifugal pump. This impellor, which revolves at approximately 3,000 revolutions a minute, is an example of a pressed moulded article ground to precision limits



### FOR BACTERIOLOGISTS

—Joblings Sintered Glass Filters made entirely from 'Pyrex'. The filter disc has a pore size of approximately one micron — 1,000th of a millimetre — and will retain bacteria

AND FOR THE HOME—THE GENUINE  
*original oven-to-table glass*



JAMES A JOBLING & CO LTD WEAR GLASS WORKS SUNDERLAND



Be a vision in *Vayle*  
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VAYLE SCOTTISH NYLONS—51 and 60 gauge and 8 adorable shades

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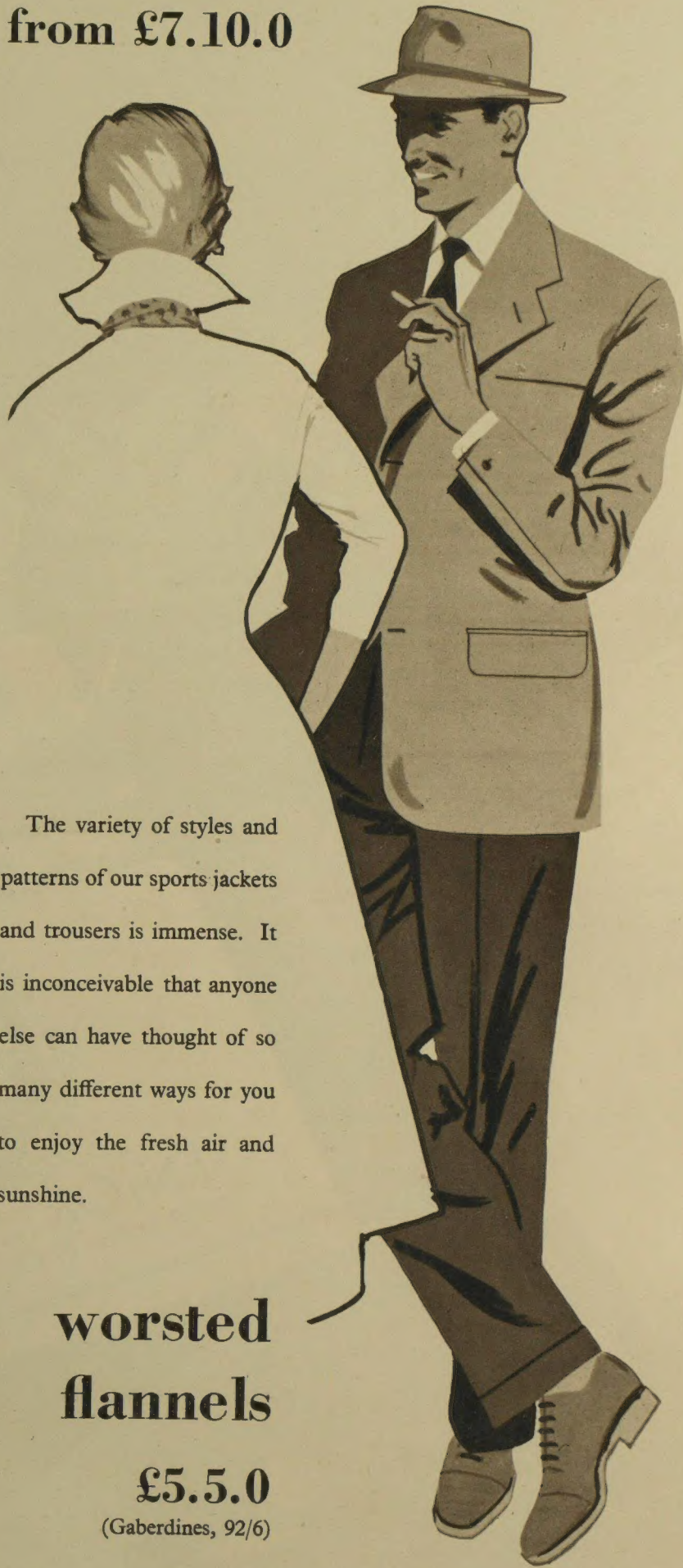
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1952.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, HER MAJESTY, A GRACEFUL FIGURE IN WHITE ORGANZA, RECEIVING A GUEST. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS STANDING BEHIND HER (LEFT).

The first garden party at Buckingham Palace to be given by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. was held in fine summery weather on July 10. Shortly before four o'clock the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, appeared on the lawn. The first presentations made were tenants from the Royal

Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster. The Queen and the Duke then moved among their guests and further presentations were made both during their progress and after they had entered the Royal tea pavilion. The Queen, a graceful figure in white organza with a white hat, shoes and accessories, remained with her guests until about six o'clock.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

OFTEN, in the course of reading the newspapers, I am struck by the curious contrast between what makes the news and what makes one's own daily life. Even in these days, when public affairs impinge so heavily and frequently on men's private concerns and interests, the proportion of the average man's normal day spent in contemplation of the affairs of State and nation must be only a minute fraction of that spent in the contemplation of his own: of his daily work, his family joys and worries, his household arrangements, his amusements and pleasures. How much more so must this have been the case in the past when newspapers were non-existent and when the centre of the State, at Westminster or Whitehall, was several days' journey away from the home of a farmer in Gloucestershire or a shoemaker in York. What proportion of the population of England in, say, 1215, were aware of Magna Carta, let alone of its significance, or in 1628, of the Petition of Right? Read through any ordinary country-house collection of family letters for the year 1688 and see how seldom, if at all, the great Revolution of that autumn is mentioned. To think of the past merely as a succession of important political events is to lose sight of its reality.

Yet those who wrote the school histories of our youth seem to have been unaware of this. They presented us with a picture of the past as incomplete and misleading as the tight-rope drawings in two dimensions of landscapes and battles with which we used to cover the empty pages of those very books. "1066 and All That" was—or should have been—the epitaph of these incomplete, unrealist works. Yet I suspect that even to-day history is still being taught in much this way; for anyone born when I was born, indeed, it would be very difficult to teach it in any other. I find it almost impossible not to write it. One is drawn, in one's narrative of events, irresistibly, like a terrier by the scent of a rat, from one "important" national event to another. One forgets that such events were no more than incidents in the deep, continuing life of the nation.

How often, for instance, do we read anything in a school history-book, or for that matter in any other kind of history book, about Robin Hood? The reason for this, of course, is that, for a serious, scientifically-equipped, self-respecting, professional historian there never was such a person as Robin Hood, or, if there was, he was too obscure to be documented in anything that can be regarded as trustworthy evidence. Some historians say that, if he lived at all, he lived in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., others that he lived under Henry III., others under Edward I. and Edward II., and others still later. He is as hard to place categorically as the heroes of the "Iliad." Yet a study of the simple ballads in which the English common people handed down from generation to generation the adventures and exploits of Robin and his Merry Men are as important for an understanding of English mediæval history as all the charters and statutes edited or discussed by Stubbs and Maitland. Indeed, I think they are even more important, for they reveal the kind of conduct the English people respected and the kind of ideals they honoured. Robin Hood was a robber, an exile and—from the point of view of king, sheriff or prince-bishop responsible for public law and order and the protection of valuable property—an infernal nuisance. Yet the common people of England doted on him and treated the legends that had grown round his name with almost the reverence that they paid to Holy Writ. There is, indeed, a pathetic passage in Bishop Latimer's "Sermons" in which that good prelate indignantly relates how he once came on a visitation to a country church only to find it locked and the people all away. At last, after much search, he found a parishioner. "Sir," said the latter, "this is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's Day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you hinder them not." "I thought," commented the outraged Latimer, "my rochet should have been regarded; but it would not serve; it was fain to give place to Robin Hood's men!"

Why was this? There were, I think, a number of reasons. Robin Hood appealed to so many instincts dear to the English people: was so many things in which the English believed. He was brave, he was a rebel, he loved freedom, he warred down the proud, he never injured the poor or the distressed, he was gentle and chivalrous to women; he was generous and free with his money, he was a sportsman, a wonderful shot, a lover of good fellowship and good fare, who lived hard—like the poor—but knew, like them, how to be merry. He was even, though he habitually consorted on terms of equality with the humble, a nobleman, and this appealed to them particularly, for then as now they were snobs to a man—though their snobbery attached to different objects to those venerated in our epoch of idolised film-stars, professional footballers and successful pool-promoters:

The plowman left the plough in the fields,  
The smith ran from his shop;  
Old folks also that scarce could go  
Over their sticks did hop. . . .  
Then when the people they did hear  
And that the truth was known,  
They all did sing, God save the King!  
Hang care, the town's our own. . . .

They all are gone to London court,  
Robin Hood and all his train;  
He once was there a noble peer,  
And now he's there again.

Whether there ever was such a man as Robin Hood is immaterial; what matters is that this was the kind of man the English people were ready to follow and idolise. Anyone who essays to be popular in England could not do better, even to this day, than to study these old ballads. A Robin Hood, translated into modern terms and times, could still win an election and become Prime Minister. Indeed, both Mr. Gladstone in peacetime and Mr. Churchill in wartime had, in popular esteem, a touch of the old, glorious, invincible outlaw about them. So had David Lloyd-George in the days of Limehouse and his attacks on the Dukes. Their followers looked to them with the same passionate, unquestioning loyalty, asking:

Where we shall take, where we shall leave,  
Where we shall abide behind,  
Where we shall rob, where we shall reve,  
Where we shall beat and bind.

For here in these old rhymes of four or five hundred years ago is the eternal pattern that the people of this stubborn, just, merry land still honour. The man who never gives in:

And about, and about and about they went,  
Like two wild boars in a chace.  
Striving to aim each other to maim,  
Leg, arm or any other place;

who is always ready to pit his strength and skill against all comers:

Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,  
And with the grey goose wing . . .

who never strikes unless attacked and never injures the weak:

Robin loved our dear lady;  
For doubt of deadly sin  
Would he never do company harm  
That any woman was in;

who fights without a thought of the consequences against the proud and unjust and pompous, and never refuses the hand of a honest man in distress and need. No wonder that to read of him, whether he ever existed or no, still stirs the English heart. As Drayton wrote in his "Polyolbion" nearly four centuries ago:

In this our spacious isle I think there is not one  
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;  
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done  
Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much the Miller's son,  
. . . . All clad in Lincoln green with caps of red and blue  
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,  
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill  
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill.

#### RELICS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I. AT HATFIELD.



WORN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH I.: YELLOW SILK STOCKINGS, A GARDEN HAT AND GLOVES, WHICH ARE NOW PRESERVED AT HATFIELD HOUSE, THE MAGNIFICENT SEAT OF THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

Queen Elizabeth I. spent much time at Hatfield House, when she was Princess, and it was there that she received the news that her sister Queen Mary I. had died on November 17, 1558, and that she had become Queen. On our facing page we illustrate Hatfield House and some of its treasures, which include celebrated portraits of Queen Elizabeth I.; and relics. The silk stockings, said to be the first ever brought to England, the garden hat and the gloves which were once her property are preserved in a glass case at the end of the North Gallery. As recorded on our facing page, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury on July 6 entertained the cast of "The Young Elizabeth" at Hatfield, where some of the scenes of the play (now running at the Criterion Theatre) are set.





WHERE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TUDOR SPENT HER YOUTH AND RECEIVED THE NEWS OF HER ACCESSION: HATFIELD HOUSE, NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY AFTERNOON.

## WHERE ELIZABETH TUDOR SPENT HER YOUTH: HATFIELD, LORD SALISBURY'S GREAT MANSION.



THE MARBLE HALL: A JACOBAN ADAPTATION OF THE GREAT HALLS OF MEDIEVAL TIMES, IT FILLS NEARLY THE WHOLE WIDTH OF THE MAIN BLOCK.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE, A HAPPY BLEND OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE AND TRADITIONAL ENGLISH STYLES, ELABORATELY CARVED, WITH A BOY'S FIGURE SURMOUNTING EACH NEWEL POST; AND (RIGHT) THE GATES AND THE SOUTH FRONT OF HATFIELD HOUSE, NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC BY PERMISSION OF LORD SALISBURY.



ONE OF THE PORTRAITS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I.: IN FANCY DRESS AS DIANA, BY CORNELIUS VROOM.



AS THE FOUNTAIN OF ALL WISDOM: THE "RAINBOW" PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH BY ZUCCARO.



THE "ERMINE" PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I.: ATT. TO NICHOLAS HILLIARD, PAINTED IN 1585.

Hatfield House, seat of the Marquess of Salisbury, was the home of Henry VIII.'s children. Elizabeth I. spent her youth there, and it contains portraits of her and relics. Lord Salisbury, who descends from Elizabeth Tudor's minister, Burleigh, on July 6 (the first Sunday afternoon opening of Hatfield to the public) entertained the principals of the cast of the play "The Young Elizabeth," which is set partly in Hatfield and presents Elizabeth I. as Princess. The Hatfield Collection is under the skilled care of Mr R. L. Drage, Curator, and includes famous portraits of

Queen Elizabeth with allegorical significance. The ermine represents virginity and purity, and Diana is the goddess of chastity. Zuccaro, in his "Rainbow" portrait, represented Elizabeth I. in a dress powdered with eyes and ears to enable her to see and hear everything. The two windows in the screen at the back of the Great Hall should be noted. It is traditionally believed that wives looked down from them when their husbands were feasting. If they had drunk too much they had them carried to bed.





PART OF THE FIRST-CLASS DINING-SALOON IN THE *UNITED STATES*. OWING TO U.S. NAVAL REQUIREMENTS IT IS SOMEWHAT CUT UP WITH EXTRA REINFORCING STANCHIONS.

## THE RECORD-BREAKING "UNITED STATES": SOME FEATURES AND PUBLIC ROOMS.



LOOKING DOWN PART OF THE COVERED PROMENADE-DECK IN THE RECORD-BREAKING LINER *UNITED STATES*. THE LINER'S REINFORCED DECKS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD GUN-PLATFORMS.



PASSENGERS IN THE *UNITED STATES* ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN THE COVERED POOL. THE CODE FLAGS ARE PART OF THE MESSAGE: "COME ON IN; THE WATER'S FINE."



A QUARTERMASTER HOISTS THE BROOMS BESIDE ONE OF THE HUGE STREAM-LINED FUNNELS.



ONE OF THE PUBLIC ROOMS, WITH A DANCE FLOOR AND ETCHED GLASS DECORATION. THERE ARE NO WOODEN ORNAMENTS OR CANVAS PAINTINGS—TO DECREASE FIRE RISK.

As related on the facing page, the record-breaking American liner *United States* had a tremendous reception on her first arrival at Southampton on the evening of July 8, and the following day was marked by a celebration luncheon attended by the U.S. Ambassador. Now that the liner has been seen, some of its characteristics become apparent, and appear to derive directly from the terms on which it was built. As we stated last week, the liner has been very heavily subsidised by the U.S. Government and has been built with a view of conversion into a troop-carrier



A VISTA OF THE WRITING-ROOM IN THE RECORD-BREAKING *UNITED STATES*. AMONG MANY OTHER FIRE PRECAUTIONS, ALL THE FURNITURE IS STUFFED WITH GLASS-FIBRE INSTEAD OF KAPOK.

in time of war. All inflammable materials have been banned, and it is said that the only wood used is in the butcher's block and the pianos. Extra reinforcing stanchions have been incorporated, and the decks are capable of carrying gun-platforms. Although about five-eighths the size of the "Queens," her engines are of about the same size, and she is built to carry the same number of passengers. She is, in consequence, not so spacious. Her plates are welded and much of her superstructure is of aluminium.





A GREAT WELCOME FOR THE NEW "BLUE RIBAND" HOLDER: CONVOYED BY SMALL CRAFT SOUNDING THEIR SIRENS, THE LINER *UNITED STATES* ENTERS SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS AT THE END OF HER MAIDEN VOYAGE, IN WHICH SHE BROKE THE ATLANTIC RECORD.

When the *United States* docked at 6.4 p.m. on July 8 at Southampton, there were about 4000 people in grandstand seats around the ocean terminal to give her a great welcome after her maiden voyage in which she had lowered the *Queen Mary's* fourteen-year-old record for the west-to-east Ambrose Light-Bishop's Rock crossing by 10 hours and 2 minutes. Almost every craft available, from tiny sailing-boats to fire-floats and the big Isle of Wight vessels, had convoyed the liner through Southampton Water. Directly the telescopic gangways were run

out, the Mayor and Mayoress of Southampton went on board to present Southampton's congratulations and to welcome Miss Margaret Truman, the President's daughter; and a telegram of congratulations from Mr. Winston Churchill was delivered to Commodore Manning, the captain of the *United States*. During the swift crossing of the Atlantic, the total of the *United States'* passengers was increased by one, as a daughter was born to Mrs. M. J. Allen, of New York, one of the passengers, towards the close of the voyage.



ON July 5 it was announced that Anna Pauker, Rumanian Foreign Minister, had been dismissed from her post. Simion Bughici, Rumanian Ambassador to Russia, quitted Moscow to succeed her, apparently on the same day. He ought to be well acquainted with the duties of his office. No surprise was felt about the fall of Anna Pauker. It had, in fact, been announced in another form over a month earlier, on June 2, when it was stated that she had been expelled from the *Politburo*. This did come as a surprise. Active sabotage—ordinary sabotage being in Communist parlance laziness, carelessness, blindness, or want of zeal for the cause—anti-Marxist, and anti-State activities, were the reasons given for the expulsion. That appeared to be the end of Anna Pauker, as it has proved to be. Yet there must have been an investigation of some sort. The lady

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ANNA PAUKER IN THE SHADES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

see any possibility of slipping on a large scale in present circumstances in Rumania.

Parallel with this tightening of political control has come a revision of the economic position of the satellites. Production, trade and finance have been reorganised. The power of the Russian State Bank has been increased. The general principle seems to be that industry, and indeed all production, including agriculture, should be shaped into the pattern most closely corresponding to the needs of Soviet Russia. For example, it is said that Bulgaria is destined to serve in the main as an agricultural adjunct to Russia, a home farm on a large scale. We need not accept all the reports which state that this is exploitation pure and simple. It is hard to see why it should be to Russia's interest to render these countries needlessly miserable and discontented. We may in fact suppose that they are permitted to get as much out of the bargain as is convenient to Russia. All the same, Russia comes first. The interests of her economy are paramount. And in these days of artificial currencies it is not difficult to regulate exchanges to the benefit of the rouble as against the currencies of the satellite States.

Meanwhile Marshal Tito is not being allowed to forget that he is an outlaw, or that an outlaw has every man's hand against him. The summer and autumn have always been the seasons of increased tension on the frontiers and this becomes strongest at the time of the military manoeuvres. Already signs of activity have been reported from the Hungarian frontier and alleged violations of Yugoslav territory by Hungarian aircraft. As I pointed out in an article not long ago, all the satellite armies have been reorganised, reinforced and in some degree rearméd, though much less has been done for their air forces. Air forces can change sides more easily than armies, certainly in time of peace, and airmen have already developed the bad habit of flying across the Iron Curtain and demanding asylum as political exiles. This tendency should not be exaggerated and has been on a very small scale. When, however, the risks and difficulties are taken into account it is not without significance. It would certainly provide adequate explanation for

hesitation on the part of Russia to reinforce and modernise satellite air forces. The last two Rumanian aircraft which landed on Yugoslav soil were Messerschmitts, dating from the period of the Second World War.

The case of Anna Pauker is no different to those of other purges which have occurred in Eastern Europe. Communist rule is more or less founded upon the occasional purge, and the need for this increases in a group of States which are completely subjected to a foreign Power. No new cause for anxiety need be aroused by the dramatic exit of the Rumanian Foreign Minister; but at the same time it ought to serve as a reminder of the dangerous ferment existing in this part of the world. I have always felt that in this country we are too prone to underrate the danger, rather than the reverse, and I find it hard to keep my patience with the pundits who tell us what is going to happen with an air of unimpeachable authority. Nobody knows what will happen, and in such cases it is only common prudence to look the worst in the face. Let us not forget that the revelation of treason in a famous Communist politician must be most unwelcome to Russia and would not be made if it were considered avoidable. The boiling cauldron is mephitic and is never far from overflowing.

By an unfortunate coincidence the ugly year in Europe is also the year of the Presidential election in the United States. There is little or no fear now of a "desertion" of Europe, whatever happens in the United States. There is, however, a natural tendency for political leaders on the attacking Republican side to suggest that a proportion of the funds spent on European defence have been wasted. And, when savings are suggested, the old argument that armies are useless and that another war, if there should be one, will be fought entirely in the air, comes readily to hand. I will not go back over all the arguments on this subject, one which I have often dealt with here, but I repeat that such a military policy would be a disaster for Europe and would revive all the defeatist and neutralist activities on the Continent. Another possibility is that American foreign policy will veer away from Europe towards the Far East, which has for long exercised a magnetic influence upon it. This might have the effect of diminishing aid to Europe. Pressure on European States to increase their contributions

to the war in Korea, of which there have been hints, might lead in the same direction.

It would be unwise to suppose that risks of weakening America's part in European defence and Anglo-American unity proceed only from the United States. One of the sharpest challenges to the latter occurred in the precincts of the British House of Commons during the week in which Anna Pauker was dismissed. It took the form of an attempt to defeat, or at least undermine, what may be called in the American phrase "bi-partisan foreign policy" in this country. The leader of the Opposition was induced to sanction a motion criticising the Government for being remiss on the subject of Korea. The general opinion is that he was forced to do so to avoid a definite split between those of his followers, the majority, who support a bi-partisan policy and those who repudiate it. As it turned out, the split was not avoided, and those who consider the motion altogether too weak have since said so. It is easy to exaggerate the effect which this incident may have upon Labour unity. In 1905 Arthur Balfour, a very shrewd politician, thought that the Liberal Party was so divided that it was doubtful whether it could even form a Government; but it found little difficulty in doing so, and kept it together. It is not easy to exaggerate the effect upon British foreign policy over a long term.

Bi-partisan foreign policy survives and is likely to do so for some time to come. Yet it has been seriously questioned. Its future has been rendered less certain. Its survival must depend on the present Government's success in the handling of foreign affairs and that of the leaders of the Opposition to restore discipline in their ranks. The issue is more important than that of party politics, because foreign affairs may be a matter of life or death. Turbulence or even chaos in internal politics can be repaired; in external politics they might lead to supreme disaster. I am not writing in terms of home politics, which I virtually never allude to in these articles; but in the present instance they must be mentioned because they may affect Anglo-American relations in the long run. They might also influence the power and will of Europe to defend itself. In the eyes of Western Europe the link between the United States and the United Kingdom has a special character and possesses high prestige. Were this link to be weakened, the confidence of Western Europe would certainly decline.

All this has taken me some distance from the unfortunate Anna Pauker. She herself matters little to anyone in this country, but her fate reminds us



THE SOVIET AND HER SATELLITE COUNTRIES: A MAP ILLUSTRATING THE VAST AREA IN EUROPE NOW UNDER RUSSIAN CONTROL, FROM WHICH, HOWEVER, YUGOSLAVIA, THOUGH STILL COMMUNIST, IS EXCLUDED.

In discussing the political crisis in Rumania which entailed the fall of Mme. Anna Pauker, Foreign Minister, Captain Cyril Falls writes: "We must also take into account the example of Yugoslavia, which opened the eyes of the Kremlin to the danger of nationalism among the satellites. A great deal has happened since Yugoslavia was driven out. Direct Russian control has everywhere been tightened. Yet direct Russian control is not enough. In all these countries the home-bred Communists have been reorganised. . . . Parallel with this tightening of political control has come a revision of the economic position of the satellites."

confessed her faults and errors in a form sanctioned by many precedents. Though she disappeared from the public view, the announcement that she was "out" was delayed. Now she has gone.

The energy of Anna Pauker is not open to doubt. Of her abilities it is harder to form an estimate. On the face of it these were considerable. She was Number One in the ranks of women Communists, probably the most powerful female Communist in the world. Nor do we know the details of her sins. It would be interesting to hear them, but they do not provide the most important element in this political crisis in Rumania. The case of Anna Pauker is, above all, a symbol. Her crime, whatever its precise form, was one of "deviation," and in the satellite States to-day this means deviation from Russian policy rather than from Communism itself. Anna Pauker may be in other respects a convinced Communist still. That is neither here nor there. She has in some manner deviated from the Russian line. There are to be no more Titos. Marshal Tito has not disavowed Communism, and in the week which was marked by the fall of Anna Pauker news appeared of increased pressure on the Church in Yugoslavia. But Marshal Tito lies in outer darkness.

Strategically, no opportunity lay open to Rumania to follow the path taken by Yugoslavia. A glance at the map shows, indeed, that of all the satellite countries Rumania is the easiest to control. From the Russian point of view, Rumania is more handily placed than Yugoslavia and even than Bulgaria. Anti-Communist and anti-Russian ideas may be more prevalent in Rumania than in Bulgaria, but at present they must lie dormant. We must also take into account the example of Yugoslavia, which opened the eyes of the Kremlin to the danger of nationalism among the satellites. A great deal has happened since Yugoslavia was driven out. Direct Russian control has everywhere been tightened. Yet direct Russian control is not enough. In all these countries the home-bred Communists have been reorganised. Some may from time to time slide back, but this is for the moment not a pressing danger because there are enough of the faithful, who are convinced that they must look to Russia for their orders, their jobs, and in the last resort their lives. They can be counted on—under Russian supervision—to give warning when they catch the slightest smell of treason and, if need be, to take the necessary action promptly. I do not



RELIEVED OF HER POST AS RUMANIAN FOREIGN MINISTER: MME. PAUKER, ONCE "NUMBER ONE IN THE RANKS OF WOMEN COMMUNISTS," SHOWN ADDRESSING A MEETING.

Mme. Anna Pauker, " . . . Number One in the ranks of women Communists, probably the most powerful female Communist in the world," was on June 2 dropped from the Rumanian *Politburo*. It was stated that she had been "severely criticised" for "deviation activities" but had "acknowledged some of her errors." On July 5 she was dismissed from her post as Foreign Minister. Of Jewish origin, Mme. Pauker was Moscow-trained, and was before the war an International Communist. She spent most of the war in Russia and returned to Rumania as a Colonel of the Soviet Army.

once again of the unending conflict between the two worlds, Communism and freedom. She did something, which may or may not be made manifest later on, to weaken the Communist front. The strength of that front is regarded of as crucially important. Not a crack is to be allowed to appear in it. It seems to me no less urgent that our front should remain solid. The pretence that Britain is being asked to submit to a tyranny similar to that in which the allies of Russia are held is ridiculous. We should certainly speak our minds when we feel that the United States is being unwise, and we can do so freely. Yet we should also make sure that no cracks appear in our front.





### RADAR NAVIGATION AT A GLANCE—A NEW DEVICE: WEDDING THE RADAR PICTURE TO THE ACTUAL CHART.

During his visit to the British Industries Fair this year, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was greatly interested in a new navigational aid which has been developed at the Admiralty Research Laboratory (largely by Mr. J. Home Dickson), and which is aimed to simplify the task of officers navigating a ship in fog or other conditions of bad visibility. It has many advantages over the usual radar navigational devices, since its essence is that the radar echoes are directly superimposed on the chart; and in consequence the captain of a ship hurriedly entering the charthouse from the bridge has only to glance at the usual chart spread out on the table to see his position at a glance. The instrument, which is known as the A.R.L. (Admiralty Research Laboratory) Chart Comparison Unit, was this year awarded the Thomas Gray Memorial Prize by the Royal Society of Arts. It enables the observer to see clearly superimposed on the chart the radar picture—what is called the P.P.I. (Plan Position Indicator) display; and the variable magnification of the instrument

enables any area of the chart, from 9 to 27 ins. in diameter, to be shown, thus permitting the largest scale charts to be used. The ship's position is automatically found by the navigator looking into the eyepiece when the P.P.I. is correctly matched with the chart. The projector lamp projects on to the chart an arrow showing both the position of the ship and its heading. Thus an officer or rating can operate the instrument, keeping the P.P.I. picture aligned with the chart, and he can mark in pencil from time to time the ship's position and that of any other ships. The captain merely has to glance at the actual chart to see the position of his ship at any time and does not have to keep looking into the instrument once the course is set. He also sees on it the position and track of any other ships. The instruments were designed to meet Naval requirements and are manufactured by Barr and Stroud, Ltd., of Anniesland, Glasgow. They are also being tried out by Marconis, the General Steam Navigation Co., and the cross-Channel boats of British Railways.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ADMIRALTY RESEARCH LABORATORY.



# MILITARY RADIO UNDERWATER TRANSMISSION: INFANTRY AND A.F.V. SETS DEMONSTRATED.



A MIRACLE OF DESIGN AND WATERPROOFING: THREE FIELD RADIO SETS, SUBMERGED IN THE ALMOST COMPLETELY SUBMERGED *LAND-ROVER*, CONTINUE TO OPERATE WITHOUT A HITCH.



PUSHING A HANDCART THROUGH A "RIVER CROSSING" AND CONTINUING TO TRANSMIT FROM THE RADIO SET, WHICH IS COMPLETELY UNDER WATER: TWO SOLDIERS DEMONSTRATE NEW TECHNIQUES.



A CONTINUATION OF THE OPERATION SHOWN, TOP RIGHT: THE HANDCART, LADEN WITH ITS WATERPROOFED TRANSMITTING SET, EMERGES FROM THE TEST TANK AT HIGHCLIFFE.

On July 9, at Highcliffe, near Bournemouth, the Ministry of Supply's Signals Research and Development Establishment gave a demonstration of some of its work. As is the nature of radio, many of the "miracles" performed were appreciable only by the skilled technician, but there was plenty to convince even the layman. We illustrate here some of the most dramatic tests. In one, three field radio transmitting and receiving sets were fitted in a waterproofed *Land-Rover* and trailer, and driven under water in a testing-tank, which simulates a



THE WATERPROOFED SET, WITH ITS COVERS LAID BACK AFTER THE "RIVER CROSSING": WHILE THE TWO ARMY SIGNALLERS CONTINUE THEIR DEMONSTRATION OF THE SET'S EFFICIENCY.

river crossing. These three are reported to have been Nos. 19 and 88 and the Canadian No. 52. All functioned perfectly. Another set was mounted on a light handcart and wheeled through the "river" by signallers on foot, one of whom continued to operate the set throughout the period of submersion. A number of tests, by vibration, by "sand-storm," by bumping and dropping were also demonstrated; as was a new crystal calibrator which enables a tank's wireless set to be tuned without transmitting and thus giving away the tank's position.



## WHEN THE ROMANS RULED ENGLAND AND THE PICTS SHETLAND: THE HOUSES OF THE IRON AGE IN ULTIMA THULE—JARLSHOF EXCAVATIONS.

By J. R. C. HAMILTON, M.A., F.S.A. Scot. (Assistant Inspector of Ancient Monuments for Scotland).

ONE of the most interesting prehistoric settlement sites yet explored in the British Isles has been brought to light by excavation of the great mound of wind-blown sand at Jarlshof, close to the southernmost tip of the Shetland Islands. To-day, the remains of three major settlements lie exposed, ranging from a Bronze Age cluster of oval huts built by the earliest dune dwellers on the site, through the compact "beehive" houses of their Iron Age successors to the later rectangular farmsteads of Viking colonists sprawling at a higher level across the entire landward slope of the mound. (*The Illustrated London News*, Dec. 3, 1949, and May 19, 1951.)

During the final phase of the excavations undertaken by the Ministry of Works, attention was directed to the second, and in some respects the most spectacular of the prehistoric villages. This comprised a group of Iron Age dwellings first discovered over fifty years ago by Mr. John Bruce along the denuded western face of the mound. Unfortunately, owing to sea erosion approximately half of the settlement had been swept away, while the presence of mediæval buildings on the crest of the mound had prevented a complete exploration of the remaining segment.

It was in this latter area that new excavations were undertaken in 1951. Beneath mediæval ground-level the mounded layers of wind-blown sand and midden scatter were carefully stripped. As these were removed massive stone walls came to light, at the base of which the original house floors were exposed. Gradually the history of the Iron Age settlement was pieced together until a fairly complete picture emerged of the people inhabiting this remote site during the centuries of Roman rule in Southern Britain and the succeeding Dark Age.

The scene opens at a slightly earlier period, however, when Iron Age immigrants from the Continent, the lowlands and the south-west were creating new patterns of political and tribal power throughout the Highland zone. In Eastern and Central Scotland vitrified forts, hill refuges and tribal capitals recall the warlike conditions prevailing in the South of England prior to the Roman invasions. Similarly, along the northern coasts and in the western isles hundreds of massive stone towers, or brochs, reflect the dangers of life in a seaboard settlement exposed to sudden incursions, piracy and the slave trade. Even the remote Shetlands did not escape this fever of unrest as the numerous broch sites testify.

At Jarlshof the broch-builders erected their tower to the seaward of the older Bronze Age settlement where the land jutted out into the West Voe of Sumburgh. Originally this tower may have exceeded 40 ft. in height, as in the case of the famous Mousa broch, fifteen miles up the east coast. An oval courtyard was attached to the broch, the encircling wall still

standing over 10 ft. high along part of its circumference. In spite of later sea erosion, the original courtyard entrance and doorway into the broch could be determined by the guard cells remaining in the wall ends above the beach. Within the broch another cell gave access by means of a

stone stairway to the galleries between the outer and inner casement walls above ground-floor level. In the middle of the floor a well was sunk to a depth of 13 ft., the lower section of the shaft, reached by a flight of steps, being cut through the living rock.

This formidable fortress appears to have been inspired by newcomers to Jarlshof, for the pottery and implements differ from the latest wares associated with the Bronze Age village buried beneath 2 to 3 ft. of sand-blow to the south-east. The construction of the massive tower and courtyard implies a relatively large community, and secondary buildings to house this population must have been erected in close proximity to the broch.

As a result of the present excavations an entirely new structure was discovered dating to a period not long after the completion of the tower. This was a large, almost circular, house built within the landward arc of the great courtyard. Where the house adjoins the older wall the latter had been reduced in height to provide stone for the new structure. Within the house a pent roof provided shelter for the inhabitants

arable land close to the settlement. After harvesting the grain was separated from the stalks by serrated implements before being ground on saddle-shaped querns, several examples of which were discovered inside the chambers. The inhabitants possessed sheep, oxen, pigs and ponies and an occasional dog. Ling and other fish were caught in the tideway off the headland, while seal, judging from the large number of bones recovered, was extensively hunted. Miss Platt, of the Royal Scottish Museum, has also identified a variety of wild birds trapped for the cooking-pot.

Outside the house, but within the older courtyard, a cobbled area containing a well-constructed drain indicated the presence of an associated outhouse, probably a byre for the housing of cattle. It was on this site that newcomers constructed a large wheelhouse in the first or second century A.D.

This type of structure differs from the older aisled house just described, in that the radial piers were attached to the main wall rather in the nature of the spokes of a wheel. This large wheelhouse encroached upon the former dwelling, which was partly demolished and further contracted by the erection of a partition wall. The wheelhouse porch faced into this contracted space, which continued in occupation and was now entered along a roofed passage constructed between the broch courtyard wall and the new wheelhouse to the left of the original entrance. The newcomers introduced a hard, well-fired class of pottery with sharply everted rims, recognised from a number of sites on the Scottish mainland. They also introduced the rotary quern and a peculiar practice of painting pebbles with natural dyes. On one of these pebbles

an eyebrow pattern with dots may be associated with the custom of tattooing which, according to classical writers, was particularly prevalent among these northern tribes.

Some considerable time elapsed before any further structural changes occurred in the area preserved to us. It would appear, however, that the fabric of the broch tower, now long abandoned and plundered for stone, was rapidly deteriorating. The central well shaft became blocked and water had to be brought some distance from the springs at the base of the headland, as stone settings now occur on the house floors for the support of large storage barrels.

Eventually, however, a new but smaller wheelhouse was planned adjacent to that already established. A considerable clearance was made within the con-

tracted aisled house and a sector of the outer walls demolished. Within this space the new wheelhouse was erected with an entrance on the north-west side where its outer wall burst through the line of the older structures. The trouble involved in the preparation of such an unfavourable site suggests that the remainder of the courtyard was now completely occupied by other wheelhouses, as shown in the reconstruction view.

At this time, the broch tower underwent considerable demolition, facing stones and rubble being thrown down into the abandoned aisled house where they mounded against a newly-erected blocking wall across the door of the wheelhouse porch. Danger of a further collapse of the broch tower and the accumulation of fallen debris along its base rendered the adjacent half of the large wheelhouse unsafe for habitation. It was accordingly sealed off by a partition wall with a new entrance to the west, and

(Continued overleaf.)



FIG. 1. WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE IN THE SHETLAND ISLES IN THE BEGINNING OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA: THE BROCH TOWER AND PICTISH VILLAGE OF JARLSHOF, ON THE NECK OF SUMBURGH HEAD, RECONSTRUCTED FROM RECENT EXCAVATIONS.

In the Highlands and remoter isles far to the north of Hadrian's Wall the native population continued to lead a tribal existence throughout the centuries of Roman rule in South Britain. In the coastal districts many villages such as that depicted at Jarlshof, in the Shetland Islands, clustered round the ruined broch towers of a former age when successive waves of immigrants, piracy and the slave trade caused great unrest along the northern seaboard. Within the landward arc of the large oval courtyard attached to the Jarlshof broch about the beginning of our era, a round house was constructed, the encircling wall being partly reduced to provide the necessary building material. Only a segment of this dwelling remains, but many of its internal features were amazingly well preserved in the wind-blown sand which eventually overwhelmed the entire village. These include the massive stone piers originally supporting the roof, the radial chambers complete with wall cupboards or ambries, and the central kerbed hearth. The inhabitants smelted iron, but also made use of stone and bone implements. They kept cattle, sheep, pigs and ponies, cultivated corn on the arable land at the base of the promontory, hunted seal, fished in the tideway off the headland, trapped wildfowl, and burned peat for fuel in much the same fashion as the present-day crofters. Later, this house underwent considerable demolition to make way for a series of wheelhouses—circular stone-built huts with solid radial piers arranged like the spokes of a wheel, the intervening side chambers being slightly corbelled and roofed with stone slabs and turf 10 ft. above the floor. Two of these huts, built by newcomers who introduced the rotary quern for the grinding of corn and reorganised the field system on the lower slope, are preserved in the courtyard, the larger example (centre) being later contracted as shown, owing to the danger of falling masonry from the crumbling and despoiled broch tower. The smaller wheelhouse (foreground) was inserted after considerable clearance of the former round house, its main wall and entrance bursting through the older masonry and blocking the covered alley on the inside of the courtyard wall. These huts remained in use long after a series of passage houses and smaller huts had been built in the wind-blown sand mounded against the outer walls of the settlement. These later "underground" houses were in occupation when the Vikings arrived on the site at the beginning of the ninth century A.D.

Drawn by Alan Sorell, with the expert assistance of Mr. J. R. C. Hamilton, F.S.A. Scot.

—probably several families—around a central hearth area, as in the case of the broch tower. At an early date, however, an alternative means of roofing was adopted. Large radial piers to support an outward sloping roof were erected dividing the interior into a series of "aisled" compartments facing the central hearth and communicating one with another through lintelled doorways between the piers and the main house wall. The floors of these compartments were paved and a series of cupboards or ambries occurred in the rear wall. In the largest of these, fragments of unburnt peat were discovered, indicating that it had been used for storage of fuel or kindling for the central fire.

In the occupation refuse covering the floor, numerous slate axes were found, together with stone pounders, whalebone tether pegs, a whalebone scoop, a clay spindle whorl and numerous sherds of large, high-shouldered cooking-pots. Corn was grown on the



# THE WHEELHOUSES OF JARLSHOF: HOW IRON AGE SHETLANDERS LIVED.



FIG. 2. INSIDE THE SMALLER WHEELHOUSE AT JARLSHOF: A VIEW SHOWING THE MASSIVE EXPANDING RADIAL PIERS WHICH SUPPORTED SLAB ROOFING OVER THE SIDE CHAMBERS AT A HEIGHT OF 11 FT. FROM THE FLOOR.



FIG. 3. INSIDE THE LARGER WHEELHOUSE, WHICH WAS SOMEWHAT CONTRACTED IN THE LATER STAGES. IN THE FOREGROUND A U-SHAPED HEARTH; IN THE BACKGROUND, SIDE CHAMBERS BETWEEN THE PIERS WITH, IN ONE (LEFT CENTRE), A WALL CUPBOARD.



FIG. 4. A QUARTZ PEBBLE BEARING AN "LYEBROW" PATTERN AND DOTS WITHIN A PAINTED BORDER.



FIG. 5. A STONE DISC OF NEARLY 2 1/2 INS. DIAMETER, INCISED WITH A COILED-SERPENT DESIGN.



FIG. 6. AN OVOID SANDSTONE MOULD ABOUT 12 1/2 INS. LONG, FOR CASTING A BAR INGOT AND A MIRROR-LIKE OBJECT.



FIG. 7. A LARGE, HIGH-SHOULDERED COOKING-POT (15 INS. HIGH) FOUND IN A DRAIN ASSOCIATED WITH THE AISLED HOUSE. RECONSTRUCTED.



FIG. 8. LOOKING INTO THE LARGE WHEELHOUSE THROUGH THE SECONDARY DOORWAY. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN ONE OF THE RADIAL PIERS AND THE ERECTED KERBSTONES FRONTING THE SIDE CHAMBERS.

occupation henceforth confined to the remaining portion. Here a new floor was laid containing a large U-shaped hearth. Following this consolidation of the broch tower, a small wheelhouse was built within its central court. Throughout the long period represented by these structural changes which probably bring the history of our site down to the fourth-fifth centuries A.D., wind-blown sand was constantly mounding against the outer walls of the settlement. Eventually

a third class of dwelling makes its appearance at Jarlshof—the so-called passage houses built outside the settlement in this mounded sand. One of these houses, originally entered from the surface by a stone stairway, was constructed in front of the entrance to the smaller wheelhouse. The pottery from these later and poorer dwellings is a thin, degenerate ware, comparable to that found in the "Pictish" huts on the lower slope beneath the Viking farmsteads. The survival

[Continued opposite.]





FIG. 9. THE PICTISH VILLAGE OF JARLSHOF AS IT STANDS REVEALED BY EXCAVATION TO-DAY: SHOWING THE COURTYARD OF THE BROCH, WHEELHOUSES AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE REMAINS OF THE LATER VIKING HOMESTEADS.

*Continued.* of certain cultural elements into Norse times suggests that the site was still inhabited by these "native" people when the Vikings arrived in the early ninth century A.D., and that they were absorbed into the new society as serfs or "traell-fangi" (captive thralls) as the Shetland dialect word suggests. The continued occupation of such post-broch settlements down to Viking times may have been of frequent occurrence in the remote Scottish islands. A tradition

at least is preserved by one mediæval chronicler who relates that, prior to the coming of the Norsemen, the islands were inhabited by "Picts who did marvels in the morning and in the evening, in building walled towns, but at midday they entirely lost their strength and lurked, through fear, in little underground houses." Truly, a graphic synopsis of the history of this Late Iron Age village now revealed by the spade!





SHOWING BECKETT HALL, ONE OF THE MESSES OF THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE: LIEUT. COLONEL K. BEADGAT-ARMY AND A STUDENT OUT RIDING.

# 94 - THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS - JULY 19, 1952 THE ARMY'S OWN UNIVERSITY AT SHRIVENHAM: WHERE OFFICERS STUDY FOR LONDON DEGREES



INTERVIEWING A CANDIDATE FOR A MINISTRY OF SUPPLY STUDENTSHIP: MR. G. K. H. HOGG, D.S.I.R., MINISTRY OF SUPPLY; DR. O. SUTTON, DEAN OF THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE; AND PROFESSOR I. L. THOMPSON.



THE GUN PARK AT THE COLLEGE: A VIEW SHOWING STUDENTS EXAMINING VARIOUS TYPES OF GUNS AND THEIR COMPONENT PARTS DURING A LECTURE OF THE ARMY'S ARTILLERY.



EXPERIMENTAL BALLISTICS: STUDENTS MEASURING THE MUZZLE VELOCITY OF A .303 RIFLE BY MEANS OF APPARATUS INCORPORATING A PHOTO-CELL CHRONOMETER WHICH FAMILIARISES THEM WITH SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT.



A VIEW OF THE METALLURGICAL LABORATORIES AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, WITH STUDENTS STUDYING THE STRUCTURE OF METALS BY MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION.

Details of a new direct entry scheme leading to Regular commissions through the Military College of Science were recently made known by the War Office. The scheme will enable candidates to obtain a University degree whilst holding the rank and receiving the pay of an officer and with the minimum break in their academic studies. It is open both to schoolboys and serving National Service officers and other ranks. Candidates will first be interviewed by the Regular Commissions Board and if recommended will be called up for National Service and undergo the normal training for National Service officers, being granted National Service commissions after approximately six months' service at other ranks. After being employed for at least another six months at Regimental duty, candidates will enter the Military College of Science to read for a London University



SEEN DURING AN EXPERIMENT ON FRICTIONAL LOSSES IN PIPES: THE FLUID MECHANICS LABORATORY, WITH THE WIND TUNNEL IN BACKGROUND ON LEFT.

external B.Sc. degree in General Science or in Engineering. The course will last for two years for a Science degree and three years for an Engineering degree. In addition to academic studies the instruction will include appropriate military and recreational training in order to develop powers of leadership. After two

# JULY 19, 1952—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—95 SCENES AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, IN GENERAL SCIENCE AND IN ENGINEERING.



IN THE LIBRARY AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE: A WELL-EQUIPPED FEATURE OF THE ARMY'S OWN UNIVERSITY, WHERE CIVILIANS AND OFFICERS OF THE SERVICES MAY CARRY OUT THEIR OWN RESEARCH.



TESTING A HEAVY-DUTY FUSE UNDER SHORT CIRCUIT CONDITIONS IN THE ELECTRICAL POWER LABORATORY: STUDENTS WATCHING THE FLASH PRODUCED BY THE 3000-VOLT ALTERNATOR DURING A DEMONSTRATION.



SHOWING OFFICERS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE DETERMINATION OF VISCOSITY OF AN OIL: THE FUEL AND LUBRICANTS LABORATORY OF THE APPLIED CHEMISTRY BRANCH.

years at the Military College of Science officers will be granted Regular commissions and, on graduation, will be given antedates to bring them into line for seniority with their contemporaries who have been commissioned through the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Candidates will be expected to undertake to serve



IN THE HEAT ENGINES LABORATORY: OFFICER STUDENTS TESTING ENGINES TO PREPARE THEM FOR THE TECHNICAL PROBLEMS OF A MECHANISED ARMY.



WALKING ACROSS THE FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE SITUATED CLOSE TO BECKETT HALL, ONE OF THE MESSES: STUDENTS ON THEIR WAY TO A LECTURE.



IN THE GUN PARK: STUDENTS EXAMINING THE BREECH MECHANISM OF A LARGE GUN, ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF ARTILLERY AVAILABLE FOR INSTRUCTION.

as officers for at least five years after finishing their degree course. The Military College of Science has been in existence in its present form for six years and is housed in modern buildings, built in 1937, on the Beckett estate of Shrivenham, a little village lying half-way between Faringdon and Swindon, in the attractive country of the Vale of the White Horse. Unlike most universities, its population is entirely residential, as not only the staff and students, but also the families live on the College grounds. The students live and have their meals in "Halls," organised more as officers' messes than colleges of a university. This makes it easier to maintain standards and discipline. The members of the Halls are by no means all Army officers, for there are also civilian members of the staff and civilians and officers of the other Services on special courses.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## LATE JUNE: EARLY JULY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

foliage on every slope and bank of gritty, gravelly ground, and even in the cement-hard roadside gravel, within inches of passing motor traffic. Every mat of the little chrysanthemum has its abundant crop of

small marguerites on 2- to 3-in. stems, brilliant with golden centres and snow-white petals. They are dainty and refined in the best Alpine flower manner. The



holiday in the Alps, during late June and early July. It was, of course, a busman's holiday, leaving my Alpine plant nursery at Stevenage only to get among more Alpines, in the wild, in France, Spain or Italy. Collecting Alpines, and nursing them home alive, was often strenuous and always anxious work. But it was the holiday of my choice, and nothing short of a world war, or a much bigger expedition to Patagonia, or somewhere that involved six months or so, would keep me from *Gentiana verna*, shall I say, and all that *verna* stands for, and leads to.

This year I find it wiser not to visit the Alps. I shall be less of a nuisance to myself, and everyone else, if I just stay among some of the plants I brought home on past expeditions and holidays.

I can, of course, tell myself that English marrowfat peas—of which I have five or six rows coming on in succession—gathered at exactly the right moment, young, fat, tender, cooked with a sprig of mint, and served in generous quantity, with butter, are superior to the French *petit pois*. Of course they are superior. The French peas are too small and young to have acquired any distinctive flavour of their own, and so have to be helped out with stock and onion, etc. They are good served thus, but their lack of character is only saved by clever cooking. Nevertheless, good though my marrowfats will be, it's hateful to miss the *petit pois*, and all the other things that make a holiday in the Alps, especially the French Alps, so enchanting—the salads, the omelettes, the rough red wine which is not insulted by the addition of water, the coffee which is chicory, the strangely-bred dogs, always so strangely sophisticated and, above all, the high Alpine flora.

The pea which I grow, by the by, is called "Duplex." Not one of the best-known varieties, but one of the very best. A dwarf, about 2 ft. high, with big pods carried in pairs, and well filled with big peas of superlative flavour and quality.

It is some consolation, too, but not nearly enough, for not going to the Alps this year, having quite a number of plants growing in my garden which I collected and brought home in the past. Some of them in the very distant past. There is, for instance, a particularly fine form of *Aster alpinus*, which I collected at Mount Cenis in 1910. It is dwarf and sturdy, with exceptionally large flowers, and an extra heavy fringe of violet petals. Time after time it has been brought to the verge of extinction by slugs, yet always it has survived. In my present garden, which probably has more slugs to the square foot than any place in the world, my aster got gnawed flat with the soil on two occasions. A barrage of meta-bran seemed useless. Cohorts of slugs from beyond the barrage marched over their dead comrades to reach my aster. For the time being the plants are recovering in my son's garden near by. There they are on apparently slug-free ground, on which ducks resided for several years.

*Chrysanthemum alpinum* is flowering in my garden for the first time in the whole of my experience. But I take no credit for this, to me, surprising triumph. In 1950 I was at the Col de Lautaret with three companions, one of them a neighbour, a mighty gardener, but in no way a rock-garden enthusiast. But she did collect and bring home a few irresistible treasures, which are now established among tufa rocks in a trough garden. Most fascinating and most irresistible of all was *Chrysanthemum alpinum*. It abounds all up the road from Lautaret almost to the top of the Galibier Pass, forming compact mats of close, low



"THIS PLANT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WOULD GROW ANYWHERE IN THE ROCK-GARDEN. ITS LOOKS ARE DECEPTIVE." *Chrysanthemum alpinum*, PHOTOGRAPHED AT 7000 FT., WITH "ITS ABUNDANT CROP OF SMALL MARGUERITES ON 2- TO 3-IN. STEMS, BRILLIANT WITH GOLDEN CENTRES AND SNOW-WHITE PETALS." Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



THE LARGE FLOWERS, USUALLY VIOLET, BUT SOMETIMES A STRAWY-WHITE, ON 3-IN. STEMS, OF THE DELIGHTFUL BUT LITTLE-GROWN *Aster alpinus*. MR. ELLIOTT RECALLS AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE FORM HE COLLECTED AT MOUNT CENIS. Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

plant looks as though it would grow anywhere in the rock-garden. Its looks are deceptive. *Chrysanthemum alpinum* is far from easy to grow. In fact, I would put it among the really difficult Alpines. Time after time I have collected it in the past, but never have I managed to keep it for a full year. And I have not been alone in my failures. It is a plant which one very seldom, if ever, sees in rock-gardens, and which is to be found in few, if any, nursery catalogues. Nevertheless, despite warnings from wise men who thought they knew, my neighbour brought home a nice wad of *Chrysanthemum alpinum*, and now, just by way of putting the pundits in their place, it is growing and flowering with the utmost freedom in its troughful of tufa, and a rooted offset is now established and flowering in one of my trough gardens.

From that same expedition I now grow an Alpine which I do not remember having ever seen in English gardens—*Scutellaria alpina*. I brought home a root which established willingly, flowered well the following year, and is now the mother of a nice batch of seedlings. I cannot imagine why I had never collected and grown this handsome plant before, and it is astonishing that it never seems to have found its way into Alpine nurseries. It grows in great quantity in broken road-side ground a mile or so down the road on both sides of the Col de Lautaret, and in many other places in the Alps. It forms strong mats of trailing growths, a couple of feet or so across, and makes a handsome show of flattish heads of hooded violet flowers. *Scutellaria alpina* varies a good deal, through darker and paler tones of violet and pinkish lilac. It is a handsome, showy, colourful thing, which might be classed, for size and general deportment, with *aubrieta* and *Campanula portenschlagiana*. It flowers here in late July.

*Campanula scheuchzeri* is a very variable species of the harebell persuasion. In its normal forms it is not particularly distinguished, but at Covadonga, in North Spain, my son and I collected a really outstanding form of it, with bells of the deepest, purest violet. Under the name *Campanula s. "Covadonga"* it received the R.H.S. Award of Merit in 1939. Flowering here now, in the first weeks of July, it is not only extremely beautiful and satisfactory. It brings a beautiful memory of a beautiful and surprising episode.

My son and I arrived back at our hotel at Covadonga late one afternoon. We brought with us our collected campanula, and a pair of magnificent thirsts. A waiter saw our arrival in the lounge-terrace and stood expectant by. What should it be? In Spain—or, at any rate, at Covadonga—the one obvious thing for the occasion was obviously out of the question. Yet perversely I murmured the words "Whisky-and-soda." In a flash the waiter was gone, and in a trice he was back with a syphon, tall tumblers and a virgin bottle of a good brand of "Scotch." He put it down between us and left us to help ourselves. So little did

the hotel understand English prices for Scotch products that we found later that we had assuaged two memorable thirsts and celebrated the finding of a great plant for the sum, in our hotel bill, of 1s. 6d.

These plants, and many others in my garden, with the memories of good times that they recall, should do much to de-irk me at this time. I am, at any rate, grateful to them, but despite the gratitude, they make me restless, and during the next week or two I expect to be more than somewhat irked.

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## GENERAL EISENHOWER, THE REPUBLICANS' CANDIDATE, AND SOME DEMOCRAT "POSSIBLES."



MR. RICHARD NIXON, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE AS CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY, BEING CONGRATULATED BY HIS WIFE AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AFTER HIS NOMINATION.



MR. HERBERT HOOVER (RIGHT), THE ONLY LIVING EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, LISTENING TO THE CHEERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, AS HE ROSE TO MAKE AN "ELDER STATESMAN" SPEECH.



EISENHOWER TRIUMPHANT: THE GENERAL'S FLASHING SMILE AS HE LEARNT THAT, AT THE FIRST BALLOT, HE HAD WON THE CONVENTION NOMINATION AS REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.



AFTER THE CONTEST, THE RIVALS SHAKE HANDS: GENERAL EISENHOWER (LEFT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY HIS RIVAL, SENATOR ROBERT TAFT, AT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO.



MR. W. AVERELL HARRIMAN, WHO WAS U.S. AMBASSADOR IN LONDON IN 1946: IN THE RUNNING FOR THE NOMINATION FOR THE DEMOCRAT PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY.



SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER, THE DEMOCRAT WHO HAS MADE THE BEST SHOWING IN THE PRIMARIES FOR THE NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY.



SENATOR RICHARD RUSSELL, OF GEORGIA: ESPECIALLY THE CANDIDATE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, AND SO LESS LIKELY TO GET THE BACKING OF NORTHERN DEMOCRATS.



GOVERNOR STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS, WHO WAS BELIEVED CERTAIN TO RECEIVE THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION, BUT WHO HAD DECLINED TO STAND.

With the nomination of General Eisenhower as the Republican Party's choice as candidate for President in the November Presidential elections, the political situation in the United States has cleared a little. After his victory, General Eisenhower called on Mr. Taft at the latter's hotel in what was described as a "harmony move" to heal the wounds of the campaign. Senator Taft has stated that he will "do everything possible for him in his campaign"; and General Eisenhower has saluted Senator Taft as "a great American. His willingness to co-operate is absolutely essential." In the meanwhile, at the date of writing, the

Democrats' choice still remained unknown, but it appeared that at the Democratic Convention, due to open at the same premises in Chicago on July 21, the choice might be a little simpler than had been the case before the Republican candidate was known. Mr. Harriman was regarded as a good (and acceptable) candidate to fight Senator Taft; but against the more generally popular General Eisenhower (who might swing the floating vote), it was believed that a candidate with a broader popular appeal, such as Senator Kefauver or Governor Stevenson (if he could be persuaded to stand), would be required.





THE CONVENTION THAT ENDED IN THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL EISENHOWER AS REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE: A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE CONVENTION HALL AT CHICAGO.

General Eisenhower was nominated as Republican Presidential candidate on the first ballot taken at the party's national convention in Chicago on July 11. In

the voting his majority exceeded the total of 604 required by 241. Voting began after a State-by-State roll-call which gave General Eisenhower the support of

595 delegates, only nine short of the majority. However, just before the official result was announced, Mr. Stassen rose and released all his 28 Minnesota delegates

on the Eisenhower side. After that the floodgates opened and State after State asked to change its vote. [Picture by Radio.]



# THE SALESMAN OF ART.

"DUVEEN"; By S. N. BEHRMAN.\*

N.B.—The Illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the Book.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

French or Italian dukes who were willing, reluctantly and at a price (and Duveen never minded a big price, because his American clients were chiefly interested in pictures for which Duveen had paid monstrous



PURCHASED AT CHRISTIE'S BY DUVEEN FOR THE SUM OF 377,000 DOLLARS IN 1926; "PINKIE," BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769-1830).

When "Pinkie" was sold at Christie's in 1926 in the Michelham Collection sale, Duveen refused to buy it jointly with Knoedler's, and went to Paris leaving an unlimited bid. He learned that he had paid 377,000 dollars for the picture. It is in the Huntington Collection at San Marino, now a public art gallery and library. "Pinkie" (Miss Mary Moulton Barrett) was originally in the collection of Mr. O. Moulton Barrett, and was exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1795.

prices), to sell their ancestors' portraits. Some of the famous pictures which he transmitted are mentioned here: "The Blue Boy" and "Pinkie" and others. But a list of them all would have been formidable: his clients stocked the National Gallery in Washington. For modern pictures he had little use. There were too many of them. When they were becoming a danger he bought them and put them into his basement, in order to protect his clients against them.



SOLD TO H. E. HUNTINGTON FOR 620,000 DOLLARS BY DUVEEN: "THE BLUE BOY" (MASTER BUTTALL), BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, P.R.A. (1727-1788).

Gainsborough's "The Blue Boy," which now hangs in the Huntington Collection in California, was formerly in the Duke of Westminster's collection. Mr. Huntington paid Duveen the enormous sum of 620,000 dollars for the painting in 1921, a price which staggered the art world.

THIS is a book about the Barnum of Picture-Dealing: written by an American (it was serialised in the *New Yorker*) who takes a delight in his subject's progress from obscurity to renown, from a humble Jewish household which dealt, first in lard, at Hull, and then in second-hand furniture in Hull and London, to millions, establishments in London, Paris and New York, and a peerage. The full story may not be here: after all, anything written for that unique paper, the *New Yorker*, has to be bright and concise. But the book certainly has a shape and, even if the comic element in the narrative does predominate, the portrait, gradually built up, of the man is not entirely repulsive. I was just about to say that that was true of all great comic characters: when it suddenly occurred to me that my heart has never whispered to me: "I should so like to see dear old Pecksniff again." But I must honestly say that the book has made me wish that I had met (once might have been enough, but I might have been fascinated, like so many other millionaires of my hard-faced type) this voluble, vivacious, confident, temporarily irresistible salesman.

When I was an undergraduate one of the pet subjects of tutors who set silly themes for weekly essays was "The Man and the Age": in other words, the question was posed as to whether the Man made the Age or the Age the Man: the obvious answer being that the two elements co-operated. What "Joe" Duveen would have done had he grown into manhood to-day I cannot do more than conjecture: perhaps he would have seen an opening in the purchase and sale of "War Disposal" goods, or reached his peak of eminence along the Basil Zaharoff route. Mr. Behrman

never makes it clear whether Duveen really loved pictures, or even knew much about them: all he makes clear is that once he had got the right thing (and anything he had was, in his mind, the right thing, not a mere Leonardo but a Duveen) he could outsell all the other dealers of his day: it was Duveen first, and the rest nowhere. Names were what he wanted and names were what his clients wanted: Mr. Behrman records one famous American millionaire as saying about a picture (which I used to know in its English owner's



THE GREATEST ART DEALER IN HISTORY: THE LATE LORD DUVEEN OF MILLBANK, SUBJECT OF THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE.

Joseph Duveen, the most spectacular art dealer of all time, is the subject of Mr. Behrman's book "Duveen," reviewed on this page. "Early in life Duveen—who became Lord Duveen of Millbank before he died in 1939 at the age of sixty-nine—noticed that Europe had plenty of art and America had plenty of money, and his entire astonishing career was the product of that simple observation... Duveen transformed the American taste in art."

home) that if Bernard Berenson certified it as a Giorgione he would buy it, but he didn't want any more Titians. And he came to manhood just at the right time for a career in buying and selling masterpieces of painting.

"Duveen," says Mr. Behrman, "noticed that Europe had plenty of art and America had plenty of money, and his entire astonishing career was the product of that simple observation. Beginning in 1886, when he was seventeen, he was perpetually journeying between Europe, where he stocked up, and America, where he sold. In later years his annual itinerary was relatively fixed. At the end of May he would leave New York for London, where he spent June and July; then he would go to Paris for a week or two; from there he would go to Vittel, a health resort in the Vosges mountains, where he took a three-week cure; from Vittel he would return to Paris for another fortnight; after that, he would go back to London; some time in September he would sail for New York, where he stayed through the winter and early spring." And all the time he was dealing. Very likely (and I wish that Mr. Behrman had given us a list of the great pictures for which Duveen was a channel between Europe and America) even at Vittel he contrived to encounter impecunious

There is one serious chapter in this high-spirited book. Duveen's chief adviser, as to the authorship and authenticity of Renaissance pictures, was, for many years, Bernard Berenson, most exquisite and conscientious of connoisseurs, and one who, knowing himself not free from human infallibility, had the courage sometimes to change his mind, and, being a man of honour, refused to give a certificate to anything about which he was doubtful. "B.B." says it's by So-and-so "has, for most of my lifetime, been a warrant of authenticity. There came a point at which "B.B." wouldn't say that a picture was by the painter whom both the purchaser and, consequently, Duveen, wanted it to be by. Duveen's thought, apparently, was: "What's the good of employing an expert if he won't say what one wants him to say?" The result was a complete break. "Duveen never recovered from the separation; Berenson never recovered from the association. How deep a mark it made on Berenson is revealed in his *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*, in which Duveen is never mentioned." Mr. Behrman set out to give a portrait of the expansive salesman Duveen, with his overwhelming hospitality to likely customers and his denigration of everything owned by rival dealers. He has done this: but the most memorable part of his book is the serious and reverent picture of Berenson.

In the end Duveen got a Peerage. He had given one of his countries pictures and galleries right and left. People at the time wondered why this super-salesman had been honoured with a place in the Upper Legislative Chamber: surely a knighthood, or at most a baronetcy, would have been enough? Mr. Behrman has an explanation for it: I quote him, disclaiming all responsibility for his statement of facts and his flippant method of treating them: "In London, Duveen occasionally, and uncharacteristically, devoted himself to the artistic tutoring of a non-buyer who was not even a potential buyer. For a period, with the tenderness of a master for a pupil whose aesthetic perceptions were virginal, Duveen piloted Ramsay MacDonald, then an M.P., around



FOR THIRTY YEARS ASSOCIATED WITH DUVEEN AS ADVISER ON ITALIAN PICTURES: MR. BERNARD BERENSON, THE CELEBRATED ART CRITIC.

the London galleries. This had the look of a disinterested favour, and it was one, for MacDonald came from a social stratum that did not indulge in picture-buying. But even Duveen's altruism proved to be profitable. MacDonald became Prime Minister in 1929, and shortly afterward Duveen was appointed to the Board of the National Gallery, a distinction that had never before been conferred on an art-dealer, and that caused a scandal and a rumour. Was it decorous for a man on the selling end of art to be on the buying end of a publicly-supported institution? Neville Chamberlain, who became Prime Minister in 1937, didn't believe it was, and revoked the appointment. This deposition shadowed the last years of Duveen's life. Earlier, however, MacDonald and Duveen had a good time sitting next to each other at board meetings of the National Gallery, and in 1933 the grateful pupil brought Duveen the apple of the peerage. At a birthday dinner for MacDonald, given by Duveen at his beautiful house in New York, at Ninety-first Street and Madison Avenue, a few years before, the visiting Prime Minister had announced, "I think I know what Sir Joseph's ambition is. If it's the last act of my life, I shall get it for him."

It was Ramsay MacDonald who installed the present Dean of Canterbury in his office. He certainly, in regard to promotions, thought for himself, scorning convention.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 114 of this issue.

\* "Duveen," By S. N. Behrman. Illustrations by Saul Steinberg. (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.)





MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC TEAM EN ROUTE FOR HELSINKI: A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN ATHLETES WHO FLEW FROM BOVINGDON AIRPORT ON JULY 13.

The first batch of British Olympic competitors and officials flew to Helsinki on July 11; and two further plane-loads arrived on July 13, and the main body were to follow. It was generally considered that Great Britain was being represented by the strongest team of athletes she had ever been able to send to an Olympic Games, but optimism was tempered by the knowledge that the competition was also likely to be stronger than ever before.



RECOVERED FROM JAUNDICE AND PLAYING POLO AGAIN: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT COWDRAY PARK.

The Duke of Edinburgh, whose attack of jaundice was announced on June 21, was able to play polo again on July 13, when he took part in an American tournament at Cowdray Park, Sussex, and scored two goals for the winning side, the Acorns. He played No. 2, and was reported to be up to his usual form.

## OCCASIONS ROYAL, SPORTING AND DIPLOMATIC, A QUAKER CENTENARY AND CEMENT RESEARCH.



SWARTHMOOR HALL, ULVERSTON, ASSOCIATED WITH THE BEGINNINGS OF THE QUAKER MOVEMENT, WHICH IS THIS YEAR CELEBRATING THE TERCENTENARY OF ITS CONSOLIDATION. In 1652 George Fox made a journey to the North of England which resulted in the consolidation of the Quaker Movement. In August this year the Society of Friends is celebrating this tercentenary and visiting some of the places associated with the movement. Of these the most notable is Swarthmoor Hall, then the home of Judge Fell, whose widow, Margaret, George Fox later married.



(ABOVE.) QUEEN MARY PAYS A VISIT TO THE CINEMA—TO SEE AGAIN MANY INCIDENTS OF HER LIFE IN "HERE'S TO THE MEMORY."

For the first time since the King's death, Queen Mary went to the cinema on July 11, visiting the private cinema of Associated-British-Pathe, Ltd., to see a showing of "Here's to the Memory," a review of British history over the past fifty years. The film lasts an hour and includes many sequences of members of the Royal family, from Queen Victoria's funeral onwards.



KING TRIBHUVANA OF NEPAL (RIGHT) RECEIVING THE NEW CREDENTIALS OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

When new credentials from Queen Elizabeth were presented to the King of Nepal by the British Ambassador, Mr. C. H. Summerhayes, in June, it was noticed that hanging in the main Durbar Hall in which the ceremony took place were portraits of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII.—a symbol of the old friendship.



AFTER HIS TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING: MR. PATRICK ELLAM AT HAVANA IN HIS YACHT SOPRANINO, BELIEVED TO BE THE SMALLEST VESSEL EVER TO HAVE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

In September, 1951, Mr. Patrick Ellam, a former parachutist, and Mr. Colin Mudie sailed from Falmouth in the 18-ft. yacht *Sopranino* (2 ft. shorter than the *Nova Espero*), and after sailing about 10,000 miles reached Cuba. Mr. Mudie returned to England, Mr. Ellam continuing to Havana, with plans to continue to Miami and New York.

(RIGHT.) MR. DAVID ECCLES, THE MINISTER OF WORKS (RIGHT), WITH HIS SIGNATURE, WHICH WAS FOUND TO WEIGH 1/21,700TH OF AN OUNCE—AT THE NEW CEMENT RESEARCH LABORATORIES.

On July 11 Mr. David Eccles, the Minister of Works, opened at Stone near Greenhithe, Kent the new Research Laboratories of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers. While there he saw instruments of such varied capacity as 200-ton compressors and scales capable of weighing even his signature.



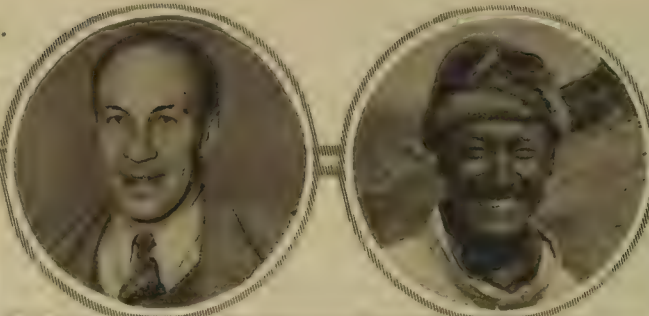


## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE: MR. C. GREGORY,** WHO FLEW HIS OWN TAYLORCRAFT MONOPLANE. Mr. Cyril Gregory, of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, won the King's Cup, the most coveted British air racing trophy, in his privately-owned ten-year-old Taylorcraft monoplane. He flew four laps of 31.8 miles from Woosington airfield, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at an average speed of 113.5 m.p.h.; Mr. G. R. I. Parker, flying a Percival Proctor, was second at 146 m.p.h., and Mr. P. C. Lawrence, in another Proctor, was third at 149.5 m.p.h.



**THE TWO MEN WHO MADE THE HIGHEST ASCENT OF EVEREST: RAYMOND LAMBERT (LEFT) AND THE SHERPA TENSING.**

On May 28 Raymond Lambert, a Swiss Alpine guide who has no toes, and a Sherpa called Tensing, nearly conquered Everest; they succeeded in reaching a height of 28,215 ft., the highest ascent on Everest ever yet made. Raymond Lambert, in an article in *The Times* on July 11, wrote that at that great height he was in good condition "except for a deceptively pleasant sense of well-being." The weather deteriorated and common sense urged them to descend. Members of the Swiss Everest Expedition returned to Geneva on July 11.



**MR. ELIEZER KAPLAN.**

Died on July 13 in a Genoa nursing home after a heart attack on board ship. Mr. Eliezer Kaplan, former Finance Minister of Israel, was born in Russia in 1891. He settled in Palestine in 1923, and entered Jewish public life. He was instrumental in obtaining in 1934 the first international loan for the Zionist movement.



**WILLIAM MARTIN MARSHALL.**

A Foreign Office radio operator, aged twenty-four. William Martin Marshall was, on July 10 at the Old Bailey, found guilty of passing secret information to Pavel Kuznetsov, Second Secretary at the Soviet Embassy; and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Some of the evidence at the trial was heard in camera.



**WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE THIRD TIME IN FOUR YEARS: BOBBY LOCKE.**

At Lytham on July 11, Bobby Locke, of South Africa, won the Open Golf Championship for the third time in four years with a total of 287, his four rounds being 69, 71, 74, 73. Peter Thomson, of Australia, was second with 68, 73, 77, 70—a total of 288; and Fred Daly, of Balmoral, Belfast, was third with 67, 69, 77, 76—a total of 289.

Not since the days of Vardon and Braid has any player won this championship three times in four years.



**AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE.**

On July 8 the Queen held the first of five July investitures at Buckingham Palace. Among those who received the accolade of knighthood was Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the well-known author. More than 250 men and women of the Services, industry and the arts were honoured, including more than fifty Knights Bachelor.



**WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT BISLEY ON JULY 10 WITH AN AGGREGATE OF 512 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 560: THE GLENALMOND SCHOOL TEAM, GROUPED ROUND THEIR SCOREBOARD.**

A record entry of teams from eighty-four schools competed at Bisley on July 10 for the Ashburton Shield. The winners were the Glenalmond team, Cadet R. L. B. Cormack, 66; L/Seaman L. Y. A. Barr, 66; L/Cpl. A. R. Muirhead, 66; L/Cpl. R. J. H. Valentine, 65; Cpl. J. K. Duff, 63; Cpl. K. W. Grant, 63; Cpl. A. G. Ogilvy, 62; C.S.M. A. H. B. Wedderburn, 61. Total, 512. Fire opened at 200 yards on the century range. The teams retired to 500 yards in the afternoon, and the result was by the aggregate on the two ranges.



**HERO OF THE ETON V. HARROW MATCH: D. J. HULBERT.**

Harrow beat Eton at Lord's on July 12, for the first time since 1939. The hero of the match was seventeen-year-old D. J. Hulbert, of Harrow, who took 12 Eton wickets for 67 runs, having taken 8 of them for 36 in the first innings. Hulbert won a bursary scholarship to Harrow from Christ College, Finchley.



**KILLED IN AN AIR CRASH: Mlle MARYSE BASTIÉ, FAMOUS FRENCH AVIATOR.**

Killed with seven others on July 6 when a French training aircraft crashed during a demonstration near Lyons. Mlle Bastié in 1936 flew the South Atlantic alone from Dakar to Brazil; and held many records. Awarded the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour for war services, she was the first woman to earn it in a military capacity.



**HOLDING A DOCUMENT ALLEGED TO SUPPORT HIS "GERM WARFARE" CLAIMS: DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON, THE "RED DEAN" OF CANTERBURY.**

Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, arrived back in England on July 7, after a 7000-mile tour of China. At a Press Conference in London on the following day he discussed the grounds on which he believes reports of American germ warfare in China. He admitted that he had accepted scientific evidence without question "because I was not qualified to criticise." It was arranged to hold a debate about the Dean of Canterbury's conduct in the House of Lords on July 15.



**MR. DAVID MORGAN, WHO FLEW TO BRUSSELS IN 18 MINS. 3.3 SECS.**

A Vickers Supermarine *Swift*, a swept-wing jet fighter, flew on July 10 from London to Brussels in 18 mins. 3.3 secs. at an average speed of 665.9 m.p.h. It was piloted by Mr. D. W. Morgan, the Supermarine test pilot, a former Fleet Air Arm pilot. The *Swift* is in full production for the Royal Air Force. The flight set up a speed record for any flight between two cities.



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS AERIAL AND NAUTICAL, AND A MEMORIAL



THE INTERNATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS IN SPAIN: A GENERAL VIEW OF GLIDERS AT THE CUATRO VIENTOS AIRPORT.

The largest international gliding contest ever held ended in Madrid on July 13, having lasted a fortnight. The championship was won by Mr. Philip Wills, of the British team, with a total of 4333 points; second, with 4048 points, was M. Gérard Pierre, of France, who had been in the lead for the previous week. He was closely followed by Flight-Lieut. R. C. Forbes, with 4043 points. The new British high-performance sailplane, the *Sky*, aroused much favourable comment.



A NATIONAL SHRINE ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MAHATMA GANDHI: THE KIRTI MANDIR (FAMOUS TEMPLE) IN PORBUNDER, WHERE GANDHI WAS BORN.

The tiny house in Porbunder, Sarvaashtra State, India, in which Mahatma Gandhi was born has been preserved as a national shrine and is now a place of pilgrimage. The Mandir is constructed in marble in the form of a quadrangle, and one side contains the entrance to the house. In the house a swastika mark on the floor indicates the exact spot where Mahatma Gandhi was born. The money for the shrine, about £30,000, was presented by Sheth Nanji Kalidas, a leading merchant and industrialist of Porbunder.



AT ANCHOR IN PORTLAND HARBOUR: THE MIGHTY U.S. BATTLESHIP MISSOURI WHICH, WITH EIGHT CRUISERS, DESTROYERS, FRIGATES AND SUPPLY SHIPS, ARRIVED ON JULY 6 FOR A WEEK'S COURTESY VISIT. WHEN *VANGUARD* ARRIVED ON THE AFTERNOON OF JULY 9 SEVENTEEN-GUN SALUTES WERE EXCHANGED BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT WARSHIPS.



LEAVING DEPTFORD ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THE VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION IN THE NORWEGIAN SEALING VESSEL *TOTTAN*. The Norwegian sealing vessel *Tottan*, 600 tons, carrying members of the British North Greenland Expedition under the leadership of Commander C. J. W. Simpson, left Deptford on July 8, three days later than planned. The Queen, who is patron of the expedition, visited the *Tottan* on July 2.



"AT HOME" TO THE PUBLIC: THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR STATION AT LEE-ON-SOLENT, SHOWING SPECTATORS LOOKING AT A MODEL OF H.M.S. *TRIUMPH*.

One of the largest air displays ever given by the Royal Navy was watched by more than 18,000 spectators at the Royal Naval Air Station, Lee-on-Solent, on July 12. The event was supported by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, and the public were able to see in flight some new types of aircraft.





TO BE SUBMERGED WHEN THE NEW HANNINGFIELD (SOUTH ESSEX) RESERVOIR FILLS UP:

A VIEW OF FREMNELLS MANOR, WHICH DATES FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Work has begun on the Hanningfield (South Essex) reservoir, which will supply water to the development areas of Basildon and Harold Hill. Two farms and the lovely old Fremnells Manor, which dates from the sixteenth century, will eventually be submerged, being inside the reservoir area in the village of Downham. Our photograph provides a record of this melancholy event, which typifies the sacrifices made to meet the needs of our expanded population.

## NOTABLE AND UNUSUAL TOPICAL ITEMS: A MISCELLANY OF PICTORIAL INFORMATION.



WITH THE FOUR GREYHOUND DERBY WINNERS HE TRAINED IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS (ENDLESS GOSSIP, BALLYLANIGAN TANIST, NARROGAR ANN AND PRICELESS BORDER, L. TO R.): MR. LESLIE REYNOLDS.

By training the Greyhound Derby winners for 1948, 1949, 1951 and 1952, Mr. Leslie Reynolds has set up a remarkable record. *Narrogar Ann* (1949 winner) and *Priceless Border* (1948 winner) are the dam and sire of *Endless Gossip*, who is the winner of the 1952 Greyhound Derby and Welsh Greyhound Derby.



A MOUNTAIN OF WORDS FROM THE KOREAN ARMISTICE TALKS: THE YEAR'S DISCUSSIONS ON PAPER. In our photograph Chief Yeoman John J. Koval, U.S.N., stands beside file-holders that have accumulated in one year of the Armistice talks in Korea. Measuring almost 7 ft. in height, they represent about 75 reams of paper and weigh approximately 500 lb. These records contain every word uttered by both sides since the delegates first met in 1951.



RESEMBLING BOMB DAMAGE: DESTRUCTION TO A HOUSE CAUSED BY A WATER MAIN BURST IN DOURO STREET, BOW.

On July 11 a 20-in. water main burst in Douro Street, Bow, and caused great damage. Flood water 3 ft. deep poured down the street, and three houses were destroyed. In one a seventy-nine-year-old widow was thrown into the water as her bedroom floor tilted, and carried down the street with the flood. She was rescued and taken to hospital. The Mayor and Mayoress of Poplar later visited the scene and promised help for the sufferers.



UNVEILED AND BLESSED ON JUNE 23: THE R.A.M.C. MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

A memorial to all officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps, irrespective of creed, who gave their lives in both World Wars was unveiled and blessed on June 23 by Monsignor Canon Collingwood in the Chapel of St. George and the English Martyrs in the Cathedral. The mosaic panel, designed and executed by Michael Leigh, depicts Christ as the Divine Physician.



(LEFT.) THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA ARRIVES IN LONDON: MR. BAL GANGADHAR KHER (RIGHT) WITH MRS. KHER AND (LEFT) MR. KRISHNA MENON, THE RETIRING HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Bal Gangadhar Kher, accompanied by his wife and daughter-in-law, arrived in London on July 13 to take up his appointment as High Commissioner for India. He has twice been Chief Minister of Bombay. Among those who greeted him was Mr. Krishna Menon.

(RIGHT.) TO BE PRESENTED TO THE LONDON ZOO AS SHE HAS BECOME TOO BIG TO BE A REGIMENTAL MASCOT: THE TIGER CUB, NEPTI, WHICH WAS CAUGHT BY A DETACHMENT OF THE 1/7TH CURKHAS IN MALAYA LAST FEBRUARY AND HAS SINCE BEEN KEPT AS THE REGIMENTAL PET.





# OCEAN AND BALLROOM-FLOOR RACING, CYCLES BY AIR, AND RAILWAY STATION HOLIDAYS.



WITH THE PLATFORM AS A TERRACE: BUILDINGS AT THE DISUSED BRITISH RAILWAYS STATION OF ABERLADY, EAST LoTHIAN, TRANSFORMED INTO HOLIDAY COTTAGES, WITH HOLIDAY-MAKERS OUTSIDE.



DOLCE FAR NIENTE ON A PLATFORM WHERE TRAINS NEVER DISTURB THE PEACE: TENANTS OF ABERLADY STATION BUILDINGS. British Railways have found a practical use for buildings at disused stations in Scotland and the North-Eastern region. They have transformed them into furnished holiday cottages with bedrooms, living rooms and kitchens (cooking and lighting by gas), and they are let from May to October. Disused coaches have been similarly transformed.



THE "DRY LAND ROWING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE": THE LORD'S TAVERNERS' EIGHT DAMP BOBS (NEAREST CAMERA), WHO DEFEATED THE COMBINED OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CREW. The crews competing in the "Dry Land Rowing Championship" at the Lord's Taverners' Ball, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, at Grosvenor House on July 7, sat in shells, designed and built by Eton masters and boys; but the boats did not move. The crews' efforts were registered by coloured liquid rising in two thermometer glass tubes the height of the ballroom. Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder started this unusual race, which was won by the Damp Bobs. The winning crew consisted of Messrs. John Snagge, Frank Lawton, Anthony Kimmins, John Mills, Richard Attenborough, Jack Hawkins, Roger Livesey and John McCallum. Their cox was Mr. Raymond Glendenning.



THE NEWPORT-BERMUDA RACE WINNER CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE: MR. RICHARD S. NYE'S 46-FT. YAWL *CARINA*, FIRST BOAT IN CLASS 'C'. TO WIN THE TROPHY.

*Carina*, Mr. Richard S. Nye's 46-ft. yawl crossed the finishing line off St. David's Head, Bermuda, on June 26, to win the Bermuda Trophy. Her corrected time was 3 days, 16 hrs. 5 mins. 48 secs. She was the first Class C. boat to cross the finishing line and eighteenth in the fifty-nine-boat record fleet to finish. A veteran of the 1948 and 1950 Bermuda races, *Carina* was formerly rated in Class B. and finished seventh in that class in the 1950 race.



A FLYING START TO A PUSH-BICYCLING TOUR: YOUNG CYCLISTS EMBARKING ON THE FIRST LAP OF THEIR CONTINENTAL JOURNEYING BY MEANS OF THE "CYCLISTS SPECIAL" AIRCRAFT FROM LYMPE ACROSS THE CHANNEL.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



If the fly had not been moving about over a pane of frosted glass, so that it showed up well, and if I had not been standing with little else to do at that moment, it is doubtful whether I should have noticed it, even less have noted its unusual behaviour. It was almost exactly  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. long, although measuring it with any accuracy was a game of extreme patience, for it was barely still for more than a fraction of a second throughout the ten minutes or so I watched it. The unusual thing about it was the way it moved rapidly sideways or backwards, and only occasionally forwards, over the glass. Indeed, it seemed able to move along any point of the compass. Usually it moved sideways, in a quick glide of 2 or 3 ins., each glide being

### SLENDER-LEGGED FLIES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

of the legs was too quick for my eyes to catch. At times, however, I could see the separate movements of the legs, though even then they were too quick to describe exactly how they worked. At least there is this: from my intensive watching I developed a profound admiration for the insect's speed and agility, and its restless activity. Backwards and forwards it moved, from one end of the tube to the other, round and round the barrel of the tube, sideways, backwards or forwards, or even somersaulting to land on its feet and glide away in literally a twinkling of an eye.

The Dolichopodidae, or slender-legged, two-winged flies, to which this fly belongs, range in size from barely visible to the naked eye to about the size of a house-fly. Swiftly moving, predatory on other insects, they are especially abundant in summer over muddy ditches, salt-marshes and stagnant ponds. A pond covered with duckweed may have so many resting on it that, when disturbed, they rise with an audible buzzing, in spite of the very small size of the flies themselves. The most handsome member of the family is *Argyra diaphana*, that flashes backwards and forwards in the sunlight a few inches from the ground. Its colouring is a greenish-blue on the thorax and dark

Not every species behaved in the same way. In a different species, the male used another procedure in place of dazzling his prospective mate with the speed and brilliance of his leg and wing movements. He would stand behind her with his two front legs horizontally forwards, so that the tarsi were held, one on each side of her head, opposite her eyes. Then the tarsi were moved quickly up and down, and as this was being done the wings were vibrated rapidly. These movements were repeated many times before the flies paired.

There is little one can say in comment on this extraordinary behaviour. As is so often the case in a courtship, the female was apparently indifferent all the time to the exhibitionist tactics of the male. Certainly it is remarkable that antics, so absurd in human eyes, should be needed to bring to an active stage in her a latent impulse which is the mainspring of life and creation. Even more amazing is it that in at least one species in this family it is the female that does all the courting. She carries out the elaborate and absurd shimmering of the wings and the leg movements while the male does his best to elude her.

A similar courtship is seen in the closely-related flies, known as the Empidæ. These also are very small, active flies seen over stagnant water. In some species of Empidæ the male settles near a female, flutters his wings for a few seconds, raises his front legs and waves them at her. Soon she responds with the same movements. The male now rubs the tarsi of his front legs together at a rapid rate, vibrating the wings at the same time. She does the same. This goes on for several minutes, during which the two draw closer and closer until they are near enough to stroke each other with their tarsi, punctuating this with spasms of



A SLENDER-LEGGED FLY, ANÆSTHETISED—SINCE THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO PHOTOGRAPH SO QUICK-MOVING AND RESTLESS AN INSECT.

Slender-legged flies are usually found over stagnant water or mud, in large numbers. They live, for the most part, by hunting smaller insects and, like most predators, are alert and quick of movement.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

made up of several separate movements with a barely perceptible pause between each. Or it would suddenly drop to the bottom of the window-pane, going backwards in a half-flying, half-gliding movement, a distance of perhaps a foot. Then it would travel up to the top of the pane once more by a series of oblique glides, like a ship tacking against the wind.

It was worth while having a closer look at this remarkable fly, which seemed to prefer moving in any direction but that usually taken by insects. It was no good trying to follow it with a magnifying glass while it was free on the window, its movements were much too quick. There remained only to capture it in a corked glass tube. Even then it was a game of patience to follow what it did. First for the fly itself. The measurement of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. needs some qualification. The wings are long and overhang the end of the abdomen. They are highly iridescent, and so, to a lesser degree, is the body. The head itself is carried on a well-marked and supple neck, and is made up mainly of a pair of large eyes. The neck must be very supple indeed, for it seemed often that the fly turned its head by bending the neck sideways before making a sideways movement. The antennæ are short, consisting of a stout basal portion surmounted by a slightly longer slender part.

Probably the most noticeable thing of all was, however, the length of the legs and the carriage of the body. The legs would be of normal length for one of the two-winged flies but for the much elongated tarsus or foot. They join the body rather in a bunch, at a point approximately midway between the face in front and the hinder end of the abdomen: at the centre of gravity, so to speak. Probably mathematically this is related to both the speed and the versatility of its movement. In any case, it seems to have something to do with the carriage of the body, for the head is held well up and the body slopes downwards towards the tip of the abdomen.

I watched my captive for a long time, probably an hour all told, trying to discover with a magnifying lens how it moved. For the most part its method of locomotion seemed to be a glide. This was probably because the movement

brown on the abdomen, the whole having a silvery sheen in a bright light.

Having watched this slender-legged fly so closely and for so long, brought home to me the great difficulty of studying the behaviour of creatures so small and active. As a consequence, I am filled with envy of the German entomologist who studied in detail the courtship displays of a number of species of Dolichopodidae. A typical case was that of a pair of these flies seen on the surface of the water in a ditch. The female was standing motionless; the male stood in front of her. He spread his wings far forward and, holding them in this position, vibrated them three or four times. Then he would suddenly glide to one side of her and repeat the performance. Repeatedly he changed his position, to the front, to this side, to that side, each change being accompanied by the fluttering of his wings at the female. With each repetition, his actions became quicker, and then, suddenly, he took to the wing and carried out a similar performance in the air. First he hovered to one side of her, then he dashed to the other side, to hover again. So it went on, quick dashes and hovering.



A SLENDER-LEGGED FLY IN PROFILE.

These flies are also known as long-faced flies from the depth of the head when seen in profile. They are remarkable also for the length of the last pair of legs, which contribute much to their speed on the ground. Their normal pose is with the head held high and the front part of the body raised as if surveying for prey with their large eyes. [Photograph by Neave Parker.]

wing fluttering. Finally, they mate.

It is related of another species of Empid fly that the male woos the female by presenting her with a small fly wrapped in silk threads given off from the glands on his front legs. Apparently her predatory instincts are apt to be directed towards a prospective suitor, and unwrapping the gift keeps her occupied long enough to protect him from possible fatal consequences of his love-making. Sometimes the male will wrap a piece of stick or the petal of a small flower in silk to present to her, the main thing being to keep her busy unwrapping it.

After having spent a painstaking hour trying to study the behaviour of my captive fly in the tube, I am filled with respect for those who can give such precise details of the habits of these small, elusive flies.



A MEDIUM-SIZED, SLENDER-LEGGED FLY (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH AN ORDINARY HOUSE-FLY AND A MATCH.

Slender-legged flies range in size from barely visible to the naked eye to about the size of a house-fly. The one shown above is at about the middle of the range of size.

Photograph by Maurice Sawyers.





"FORDING THE RIVER"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A., AS IT WAS BEFORE CLEANING, WITH A CASTLE PAINTED OVER THE CATHEDRAL IN THE CENTRE.



"FORDING THE RIVER," THE ORIGINAL COMPOSITION BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A., WITH SALISBURY CATHEDRAL IN THE CENTRE, AS REVEALED BY CLEANING.

**CONSTABLE'S "FORDING THE RIVER" TRANSFORMED: CLEANING REVEALS SALISBURY CATHEDRAL IN PLACE OF THE CASTLE.**

A transformation has been effected in "Fording the River," by John Constable, R.A. (1776-1837), painted c. 1830, and bequeathed to Guildhall Art Gallery by Mr. Charles Gassiot in 1902. It was known that the castle in the centre had been painted over a view of Salisbury Cathedral; but it was only after cleaning in 1951 that the work has been revealed as a full-scale study for "Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows," a painting lent by Lord Ashton of

Hyde for display, with the cleaned "Fording the River," in the current Constable Exhibition at Guildhall Art Gallery. There is no question of the over-painting having been a drastic *pentimento* by Constable, as the forger had carefully matched the dirty and heavy coat of varnish over which he painted the castle. Photographs and X-ray plates taken during the cleaning are on view, as well as notes by Mr. A. Robin Ashton, who carried out the work.

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# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## VISITING DAYS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE door bursts open at the New Theatre, and Katharine Hepburn, attacking a Lincoln's Inn solicitor's office, gains her objective at one swoop. Curtain-rise at Her Majesty's reveals melancholy autumn sunlight and menacing shadow in the drawing-room of Bly. And behind the curtain of the new Royal Court Theatre Club is the morning-room of

especially in the scenes for that pair of evil emanations, the dead valet, "Peter Quint" (who is "possessing" little Miles), and the former governess, "Miss Jessel."

At the Arts, I recall, we were allowed to summon the ghosts in our minds. At Her Majesty's we see

something is rotten in the state of Denmark Hill. From the start the play is against Ruskin and his grimly possessive parents (another case of demonic possession). Indeed, the rescue of Effie from Denmark Hill—her own order of release—becomes almost as exciting as Robert Browning's rescue, not so long before, of Elizabeth Barrett from her black marble mantelpiece of a father and the house in Wimpole Street.

The evening, we must agree, opens dully. Ruskin appears at first to be a tedious, over-written part (we are to learn how wrong we are), and the play nothing but the customary portrait-waxwork, with dramatists' ventriloquising. But the second and third acts have true theatrical quality. Whatever one feels about the rights or wrongs of the Ruskin marriage, the later scenes of the piece, as an acting play, are contrived tautly, and (at the Court) presented with a quick feeling for the drama of a strange situation. Thus Andrew Osborn can suggest the split mind of Ruskin, who hovers between a critic's perceptive appreciation of an artist and a warped man's domestic cruelty. Barbara Murray's Effie is beauty-in-distress, and Clement McCallin's Millais is gallantly a Childe Roland who, to the Dark Tower came: a freshening gale in both Denmark Hill and his own Gower Street studio. It is a sound reopening play for a compact and comfortable theatre that shines now in crimson and gold. May it find another Granville Barker and remember the Thousand Performances of long ago!

So to Miss Hepburn at the New. "The Millionairess" is lesser Shaw, and we hardly need to be told that this is one of the plays he plodded over. But it does keep the stage better than one would have guessed—though if the listener is not in the right habit of mind very soon in the first act, it is doubtful whether the mood can be captured. The part of the woman who cannot help succeeding, the utterly ruthless Boss type, is one that Miss Hepburn dashes at like a hurdler. Her performance is untiringly springing



"THE GHOSTS OF HER MAJESTY'S CAN MAKE THE SEATED HEART KNOCK AT THE RIBS. AND I BELIEVE THAT, EVEN WERE THEY THE VERIEST TURNIP-LANTERNS, FLORA ROBSON'S ACTING WOULD HOLD US PROPERLY TERRIFIED." MISS GIDDENS (FLORA ROBSON); ON STAIRS AND MRS. GROSE (BARBARA EVEREST) IN "THE INNOCENTS."



"THESE, IF BY NO MEANS HENRY JAMES'S CHILDREN, ARE ACTED WITH TINGLING INTELLIGENCE." FLORA (CAROL WOLVERIDGE) AND MILES (JEREMY SPENSER) IN "THE INNOCENTS" AT HER MAJESTY'S, THE PLAY BY WILLIAM ARCHIBALD, BASED ON HENRY JAMES'S STORY, "THE TURN OF THE SCREW."

Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin senior at Denmark Hill, the spider's web in which Effie Gray found herself entangled.

One thing is common to all three occasions (very different occasions) on the London stage. Miss Hepburn, the American actress, is playing Epifania in Shaw's late comedy, "The Millionairess"; William Archibald, an American dramatist, has adapted Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" as "The Innocents" (Her Majesty's); and the authors of the Ruskin portrait-play, "The Bride of Denmark Hill" (Royal Court), are two Americans new to our theatre, Lawrence Williams and Nell O'Day. It is, then, a friendly American task-force; and playgoers greet it with some enthusiasm, if with one or two reservations.

Thus there are reservations about "The Innocents." We know that Henry James's extraordinary tale of the supernatural, its hints, half-tones, insinuations, super-subtleties, can be brought to the theatre fairly well: not entirely, for that is impossible, but well enough at least to do no injustice to that anxious stylist, its author. Allan Turpin proved to us that this was possible a few years ago at the Arts Theatre. On the other hand, "The Innocents," play of demonic possession in a lonely English country house (period 1880), would not claim to be pure James. It is a broadening of the original tale, and within its limits an extremely competent one, fitted to a big stage and managing to chill not by suggestion, but by unabashed treatment of the theme as a "thriller" (for want of a better word), aided by décor and lighting markedly imaginative. The imagination is clearly in these, and in the acting of Flora Robson as the governess, rather than in the script.

On the whole, the adventure succeeds, though I have no doubt that a convinced Jamesian, after making pilgrimage to Her Majesty's, will find it hard to smile again. But it is, rather, a play for the convinced theatregoer; and for him (or her) Peter Glenville, in Jo Mielziner's setting, has directed the kind of entertainment that will make the heart go bump in the night. Imagine an immense and oddly crepuscular drawing-room into which an old staircase seems to pour sluggishly (I doubt whether connoisseurs of stage staircases have seen a finer). The french windows give upon a hazy autumnal lake and parkland beyond. The lighting is always managed superbly,

them: Quint in the moonlight outside the windows; Miss Jessel as a hovering face on the stairs and as an apparition within the drawing-room. I had feared this approach; it seemed likely that we might wish the too, too solid flesh to melt, just as sometimes the majesty of buried Denmark has blundered all too massively into the "platform" scenes of "Hamlet." I need not have worried. The ghosts of Her Majesty's can make the seated heart knock at the ribs. And I believe that, even were they the veriest turnip-lanterns, Flora Robson's Hamlet (when he saw the Ghost and turned as white as his neckcloth), she seems to go pale when she looks across to the form of Miss Jessel standing by the foot of the stair. Throughout she acts with her nerves, and so plays upon ours. And she has an uncommon burden to carry because the only others in the cast are the housekeeper (Barbara Everest), a straightforward enough part, and two children, Jeremy Spenser and Carol Wolveridge. These, if by no means Henry James's children, are acted with tingling intelligence; it is not the easiest thing for a child's personality to carry across the wide spaces of Her Majesty's.

The American authors of "The Bride of Denmark Hill" call up for us unexpectedly the ghosts of Ruskin, Effie Gray and John Everett Millais. This tale of the disastrous marriage, Effie's rescue by Millais, and the annulment, appears to take its cue from Sir William James's "The Order of Release," which means that



"... SHE GETS OUT OF EPIFANIA ALL THAT SHAW PUT INTO HER, ESPECIALLY IN THE BEST AND WISEST SPEECH, THE LAST-ACT DISCOURSE ON WEDLOCK." KATHARINE HEPBURN IN "THE MILLIONAIRESS," WITH THE EGYPTIAN DOCTOR (ROBERT HELPMANN), "FATED TO BE THE GUARDIAN OF THAT SLEDGE-HAMMER PULSE."

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THEY'LL ARRIVE TO-MORROW" (Irving).—A tense and well-argued little play from Israel about a group of partisans on an isolated hill. (June 26.)  
 "THE MILLIONAIRESS" (New).—Epifania is the boss; and the boss of the Shavian revival, acted with a lunging vigour, is the American actress Katharine Hepburn. (June 27.)  
 "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" (Old Vic).—Shakespeare's youthful lyric comedy is again revived beautifully, under Denis Carey's direction and with the Bristol Old Vic cast. Notice the speaking of Pamela Alan and the expressiveness of Michael Aldridge. (June 30.)  
 "CYMBELINE" (Open Air Theatre).—Imogen, the nonpareil, acted freshly by Mary Kerridge, arrives for the first time on the lawn at Regent's Park; a very capable resurrection. (July 1.)  
 "THE TRAP" (Duke of York's).—Gloom in northern Scandinavia, or the colder comfort of farm life. Mai Zetterling is defeated by the almost unvaried delour of the play (by Ashley Dukes from the German of Ferdinand Bruckner). (July 1.)  
 "THE BRIDE OF DENMARK HILL" (Royal Court).—The majesty of buried Denmark Hill. A dramatically-charged American version of the Ruskin marriage (and annulment) opens the new season of the Court as a theatre club. (July 2.)  
 "MACBETH" (Glyndebourne).—An exciting Verdi revival. (July 2.)  
 "THE INNOCENTS" (Her Majesty's).—William Archibald's inventively-directed version (Peter Glenville in charge) of James's "The Turn of the Screw," with Flora Robson distilling us "almost to jelly with the act of fear" as she sees the ghosts of Bly. (July 3.)  
 "WORLD BEHIND YOUR BACK" (Mercury).—Robert Eddison excels in a verse comedy (by John Hall and William Eedle) of some wit and imagination. (July 7.)

and athletic; she gets out of Epifania all that Shaw put into her, especially in the best and wisest speech, the last-act discourse on wedlock. Others in the cast group themselves loyally around Epifania. Robert Helpmann, the Egyptian doctor fated to be the guardian of that sledge-hammer pulse, and Meriel Forbes as a woman who stands for the calm against the cyclone, are both thoroughly Shavian; Cyril Ritchard consents with a good grace to being thrown downstairs. Still, it is Miss Hepburn's visiting day, and she keeps us more than merely polite to our guest.



## THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET IN LONDON, AND BALLET NEWS FROM ABROAD.



IN JEROME ROBBINS'S BALLET "THE CAGE," PRESENTED AT COVENT GARDEN FOR THE FIRST TIME ON JULY 7: THE NOVICE (NORAH KAYE) WITH "THE GROUP."



ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET'S "THE CAGE"; WHERE THE NOVICE KILLS HER MATE. THE BALLET DRAWS ON INSECT LIFE FOR ITS STORY.



A BALLET FROM HANS ANDERSEN: A SCENE FROM A VERSION OF "THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA," WHICH WAS RECENTLY PRESENTED AT COPENHAGEN IN THE TIVOLI GARDENS.



TAMARA TOUMANOVA, WHO HAD BEEN DANCING "LA MORT DU CYGNE" AT A GALA AT THE CHÂTEAU DE CHAMBORD, OFFERING A ROSE TO MADAME AURIOL. M. AURIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, IS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT.



EIGHT MATTRESSES DO NOT PREVENT THE PRINCESS (LISA KJAERGAARD) FEELING THE PEA UNDERNEATH THEM. FROM THE NEW DANISH BALLET, "THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA," PRESENTED AT COPENHAGEN.

WE show here some recent ballet news in photographs. On July 7, the New York City Ballet, whose artistic director is George Balanchine, opened their season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The most striking of the first night ballets was "The Cage," by Jerome Robbins, to Stravinsky's Concerto. This provided a strongly dramatic rôle for Norah Kaye. Roughly, the story is based on the habits of those insects in which the female devours her mate, but included overtones of human behaviour. It was not entirely successful and sometimes trembled between the tragic and the ludicrous. Mr. Balanchine's new versions of "The Firebird" and the second act of "Swan Lake" have not met with much approval. From Copenhagen we show two scenes from a Hans Andersen ballet, the choreographer of which is Erik Bidsted. Our picture of Tamara Toumanova, in one of Pavlova's rôles, is interesting, in view of the report that this dancer is appearing in a film life of Anna Pavlova.



## BIRDS THAT INVENTED THE INCUBATOR: BRUSH TURKEYS AND THEIR KIN.



A MOUND WHICH ACTS AS AN INCUBATOR FOR THE EGGS WHICH ARE LAID IN IT: THE NESTING PYRAMID OF THE MALLEE FOWL, OR MALLEE HEN, OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, ONE OF THE VARIETIES OF *MEGAPODE*.

THE incubator, described in the Encyclopædia as "a box or room of special construction designed for the maintenance of a constant internal temperature for use by poultry-keepers, or for the rearing of prematurely-born infants," is generally believed to be a nineteenth-century invention made by man. But, over incubation, humanity was many thousands of years behind the birds of the *Megapode* family. They construct their own incubators in the form of mounds of decaying leaves and grass which generate 94 degrees of heat, and remain at that temperature, thus ensuring satisfactory incubation of eggs, and relieving the parents of the trouble of sitting on a nest and keeping the eggs warm until the chicks hatch out. The Brush Turkey (*Alectura lathami*) and two other Australian birds of the *Megapode* family, the North Australian Jungle Fowl and the Mallee Fowl of South Australia, are also mound builders. Some weeks before the laying season, they construct mounds by scratching up sticks, soil and leaves and throwing them backwards to a common centre until a pyramid of considerable size has been built. The Brush Turkey works to strict rule. The hen bird tears out a hole in the mound some 10 ins. deep and lays an egg therein. The cock bird then fills in the hole, and presses it down, using first debris and then soil to cover it. Several pairs of birds use the same mound, but no individual ever makes the mistake of scratching out a half-hatched egg. The first consignment of eggs is laid in a ring round the mound. Then another ring is started and completed, and so on. The birds, by constantly scratching at the mound, prevent the surface from becoming packed too tightly by rain to allow the chicks to work their way out. The young birds issue from the mound fully fledged and are able to fly almost at once, and to begin life without any parental care being lavished on them. The Mallee Hen, or Mallee Fowl, of South Australia has to solve a problem resulting from the hot, rainless summers of its habitat. The mounds it constructs

[Continued above, right.]

[Continued.]

tend to dry out sufficiently to cause fermentation to cease and the temperature to drop. Thus, about 10 a.m. each morning, the Mallee Fowls scratch sufficient earth from above each egg to permit the sun to warm it, but not too much or the heat would cook the egg. At about 3 p.m. they scratch the earth back and leave the egg covered so that the heat may be retained during the night. The Australian Jungle Fowl, smallest of the three Australian mound-building birds (about the size of a Black Orpington domestic fowl), constructs a very large mound, up to 15 ft. high and 50 ft. across. The mounds of the Jungle Fowl must be ready for the first rains in September, so the work of constructing them is carried out during the dry season, and the temperature is warmed up to the correct heat by the first week in October, and it maintains its heat until

[Continued below.]



STANDING ON THE SUMMIT OF ITS INCUBATOR MOUND OF STICKS, LEAVES, EARTH AND DÉBRIS: A BRUSH TURKEY (*ALECTURA LATHAMI*) PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE SIR COLIN MACKENZIE SANCTUARY, HEALESVILLE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

[Continued.]

February. This is very necessary, because the Jungle Fowl has the habit of laying her eggs at intervals over a period of many weeks. This means that the first-laid egg may hatch on the very day that the last egg is laid. The Jungle Hen just digs a little way into her mound to lay each egg, and may lay from six to ten. The Brush Turkey is a large bird, complete with scarlet head and wattles. Eggs laid by *Megapodes* are very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and the young pass the nesting stage within the egg, being able to extend their development by reason of the extra store of yolk contained within so large an egg. This is what enables them to fly as soon as they are hatched, a peculiarity to which attention has been drawn earlier in these notes. The young *Megapodes* "never see their parents except by accidental meeting, yet the parents, in spite of this casual acceptance of parental responsibility," to quote from Dr. Maurice Burton's "Story of Animal Life," "return again and again to the same mound; and a single mound, which may be used by one generation after another, may grow progressively to a large size. There is one case on record of a mound 140 ft. in circumference at the base." Our photograph of the Brush Turkey on its mound was taken in the Sir Colin MacKenzie Sanctuary, Healesville, Victoria, and the close-up of the wild Scrub, or Brush, Turkey was taken in Lamington National Park, known as Australia's "Lost World." It is one of the more important scenic areas of Australia, in south-east Queensland, situated on a high tableland. This National Park, or reserve, extends over an area of 48,000 acres of largely virgin territory, and is a favourite haunt of "hiking" tourists, accessible by motor road. The mound-building birds are equipped with extremely powerful legs and feet of great strength and size capable of shovelling up the material for their building work; hence their name of *Megapode*.



THE WILD SCRUB, OR BRUSH, TURKEY, BRONZE AND GREEN IN COLOUR, AN AUSTRALIAN MOUND-BUILDING BIRD: IT CONSTRUCTS A PYRAMID AND, AFTER BURYING THE EGGS IN IT, LEAVES THEM TO HATCH.





DROWSY AND LYING UNDER THE SURFACE IN A RIVER, THEIR HUGE BULK ELONGATED AND DISTORTED BY THE WATER: HIPPOPOTAMI IN TSAVO NATIONAL PARK, KENYA.



ROUSED AND AT THE ALERT, HEAVING THEIR VAST BODIES AND GREAT HEADS OUT OF THE WATER: HIPPOPOTAMI IN LAKE GEORGE, UGANDA, A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH RECENTLY TAKEN BY SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND.

**HIPPOPOTAMI IN THEIR NATURAL SURROUNDINGS: SUNK BENEATH THE RIVER LIKE SMALL SUBMARINES AND RISING OUT OF IT AT SOME ALERT: REMARKABLE ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AFRICA.**

The photographs on this page are remarkable animal pictures, for though hippopotami are still a common sight in certain rivers and lakes of Africa, especially in Uganda, they are not often to be observed out of the water in daylight. Generally, only the eyes and ears are visible, and photography is not easy. Our photograph of a school of hippopotami lying at the bottom of the river-bed was taken at Mzima Springs, Kenya, in the Tsavo National Park; and that of the great creatures heaving themselves out

of the water at some alert, in Lake George, Uganda, by Sir Geoffrey de Havilland who, like many other thinking people, is deeply disturbed over the fact that in Africa many species of animals are being sadly reduced in numbers every year, owing to the spread of industry and farming; shooting by licensed persons; shooting to prevent the spread of infectious diseases to domestic animals, and also through illegal slaughter by poaching. The National Parks and Reserves help to preserve wild animals, but it is no easy task





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CORPORATION PLATE AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE sweeping out of rotten boroughs after the Reform Bill seems to have been a favourite sport in the 1830's, and the new brooms were handled by well-intentioned enthusiasts who were a trifle lacking in imagination and historical sense. The ancient Corporations were disbanded, and with them, as often as not, the plate and insignia accumulated throughout the centuries.

Boston is a case in point. The goings-on of its civic authorities had, no doubt, been reprehensible, but it was hardly intelligent of the new Corporation in 1837 to sell its 1300 ozs. of plate, together with the silver oar which was borne before

the Mayor as a symbol of the Admiralty jurisdiction granted by a Charter of Elizabeth in 1573, and it was surely adding insult to injury to describe these pieces as "emblems of bygone gluttony, drunkenness and pride." However, that is what happened: the oar is now back at Boston, bought from the late William Randolph Hearst in 1938 for £1100, and so is a salver of the year 1662. Both these pieces are to be seen in a fascinating exhibition

of Corporation Plate of England and Wales at Goldsmiths' Hall, together with nearly 250 other items lent by more than 100 towns and cities.

Thanks to numerous exhibitions in the past, the most recent, the one staged at Goldsmiths' Hall last year, we are fairly familiar with the ancient plate of the Livery Companies; and cities like York and Lincoln make use of both plate and insignia as a matter of course; but much of the present show will come as a great surprise to the average visitor, who will not readily associate East Retford, as the train whisks him northwards, with a pair of simple, flat, triangular salts of about 1640, or Hedon, in Yorkshire, with a beautiful little fifteenth-century mace which still retains the form of a war mace. Indeed, the development of the mace from its original function as a weapon to the ornate and wholly symbolic type of to-day is not the least interesting part of the exhibition. As Mr. Charles Oman points out in the introduction to the catalogue, the early maces were quite small and were carried by the sergeants-at-mace as emblems of their authority. Then, at a very early stage—at York in

1392—the mayor obtained the privilege of having a mace carried before him. The mayor's mace is by convention larger than the sergeant's, but by the end of the seventeenth century the sergeant's mace of an important town is often larger than the mayor's mace of a smaller one. As these maces were carried as symbols of the Royal authority, it became customary for them to bear the Royal arms, which were placed on the end of the handle as the most convenient position. The Royal arms grew in size, and as one could scarcely carry the symbol of majesty upside down, it was necessary to carry the mace upside down—and, to cut a long

Boston. Others come from Chester, whose Mayor is Admiral of the River Dee; from Rochester, where the Chief Citizen is also Admiral of the Medway; from Dover, where it is the badge of the Admiralty of the Cinque Ports—these are fairly obvious places to possess such symbols—but one dated 1670 from Lostwithiel is a reminder of the jurisdiction of that Corporation over the waters of the River Fowey from the mouth "up to the furthest point that a pair of oxen might be driven up the bed"; while Beaumaris had one made at Chester in 1725 to proclaim its importance as a harbour.

Then there are many items which are both first-class things of their kind and are connected in one way or another with people who played a notable part—sometimes a disreputable part—in historical events. The best known of these is the Globe Cup, lent by Plymouth, made at Zurich at the end of the



FIG. 1. ON VIEW AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL: HEDON'S FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GILT MACE, AN EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL OBJECT. (Length, 25 ins.)

Hedon's fifteenth-century mace is one of six maces of that period on view at the exhibition of Corporation Plate of England and Wales at Goldsmiths' Hall which Frank Davis discusses on this page. The head is surmounted by a crown of four roughly crocketed arches, an orb, and formerly a cross (now missing), probably added in the late sixteenth century.

story short, the war-head diminished into decorative scroll-work; and the mace became the familiar object as we know it to-day.

Here, in Fig. 1, is one of the half-dozen fifteenth-century maces in the show. It belongs to Hedon, and to my mind is as attractive as anything else in the catalogue, and a far more beautiful object than the more modern type with its elaborate bulbous head (for ex-

ample, the Speaker's mace in the House of Commons). It is a difficult thing to photograph, but the following description will be helpful. Gilt, with an iron core, at the base six flanges. At the other end, rising from a coronet of strawberry leaves, a conical mace head with applied lions. (One of these lions is just visible, just above it a cresting of six-petalled flowers.) On the top—and this is, of course, out of sight—is a shield of the Royal arms between the letters H.H. Above all this is a crown formed by four roughly crocketed arches surmounted by an orb and formerly a cross (now missing), which were probably added in the late

sixteenth century. The length is 25 ins. The others from this early period are smaller still. One which belonged to Newtown, Isle of Wight, is only 12½ ins.; another, from Burford, 13½ ins.—both these, by the way, are loans from private collections. I have already referred to one oar, now happily restored to

sixteenth century, which a very strong tradition says once belonged to Sir Francis Drake. It was sold in 1919 by a descendant of the Thomas Peter who was one of the jury at the "Inquisitio post mortem" held over Drake's estates, and it seems likely that Peter purchased the cup. With the usual imaginative good sense which we are by now accustomed to take for

granted, the National Art Collections Fund presented it to the one place in the world best suited for it, the City of Plymouth. A less reputable personage is connected with a noble flagon, 16½ ins. in height, of the year 1683, a gift to Portsmouth from that mistress of Charles II., Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who is credited with more rapacity than any of the King's other ladies. She was doubtless no better than she should have been, but it is possible—some may say likely—that as

she happened to be French, she was an easy target for patriots who thought that his Majesty's roving eye should rest only upon his own country women. There is a multitude of fine eighteenth-century salvers and monteiths, and a few modern pieces which remind us that there are silversmiths practising to-day who can compare with the best of their predecessors. Among the miscellaneous exhibits is an oyster gauge (Fig. 3) from Colchester of 1804

—an exact reproduction of an oyster used to regulate the size of oyster which could be put on the market, and—from the same town—a silver theatre ticket (Fig. 2). The Colchester Theatre was built in 1764 on ground belonging to the Corporation, and one of the conditions of the lease was that this silver ticket should give the Mayor free admission to a Mayor's box.



FIG. 2. ENGRAVED "COLCHESTER THEATRE," AND ON THE REVERSE "HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR"; A SILVER THEATRE TICKET, c. 1764. (Actual size.)

The Colchester Theatre was built in 1764 on ground belonging to the Corporation. One of the conditions of the lease was for a Mayor's box, and that the silver ticket should give his Worship free admission to this and to any part of the house. It was in use until 1910.



FIG. 3. AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF AN OYSTER: AN OYSTER GAUGE FROM COLCHESTER. (Actual size.)

Gauges like this were, until recently, used by the Town Fishery Board to regulate the size of oyster which could be put on the market. Dated 1804, it bears the makers' mark of Peter, Anne and William Bateman.

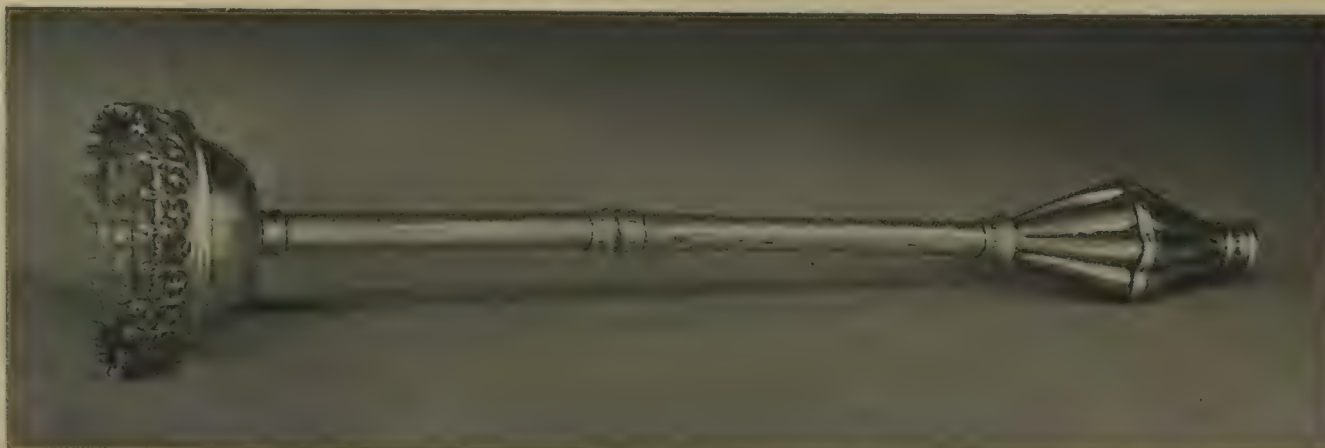


FIG. 4. ONE OF A PAIR OF MACES FROM ARUNDEL: IT IS UNMARKED AND DATES FROM THE FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (Length, 14½ ins.)

This mace, which in common with the other pieces of plate illustrated, is on view at the Goldsmiths' Hall Exhibition of Corporation Plate of England and Wales, has a hemispherical head with foliate cresting enclosing a boss with the Royal arms, evidently inserted at the Restoration. Round the head are engraved the initials and years of office of two mid-seventeenth-century Mayors.





"FLEURS ROUGES"; BY ANDRE BAUCHANT (B. 1873). A COUNTRY-BRED BOY WHO SERVED AN APPRENTICESHIP AS A GARDENER AND THEN WORKED IN A GRAIN BUSINESS. HE FOUND IN 1917 THAT HE COULD DRAW. OIL. (16½ by 10½ ins.)



"LA CIGOGNE"; BY LOUIS VIVIN (1861-1936), A POSTMAN. AS A YOUNG MAN HE WAS A KEEN PAINTER, BUT DID NOT DEVOTE HIMSELF TO ART UNTIL HE WAS FORTY. OIL. (66½ by 64½ ins.)



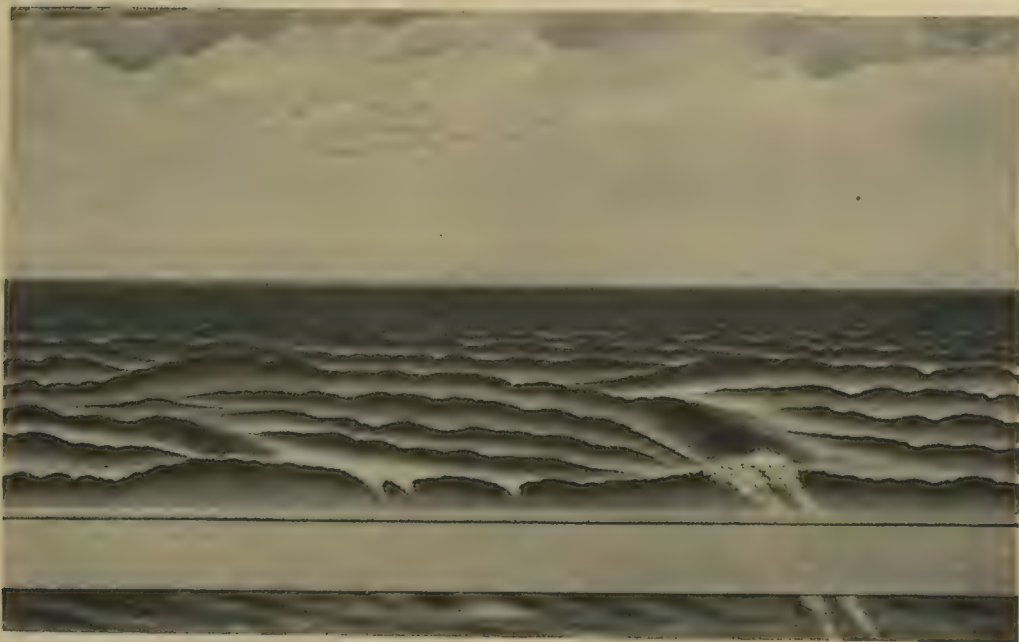
"BORD DE LA SEINE"; BY CAMILLE BOMBOIS (B. 1883). A STRONG MAN IN A CIRCUS AT ONE TIME, AND LATER A LABOURER IN A PRINTING WORKS. AFTER 1922 HE GAVE UP HIS LIFE TO PAINTING. OIL. (18½ by 13 ins.)

"Contemporary Primitive" painters have been attracting much attention in France and also in America, and various museums of Modern Art and Collectors have purchased works by men and women of humble position who practised, or practise, an art free from the influence of highly-trained painters of the past or of to-day. An exhibition of the work of Contemporary French Primitives opened last week at the Marlborough Fine Art Galleries, in Old Bond Street. The introduction to the catalogue points out that "Before long,

## PAINTINGS BY CIRCUS STRONG MAN, POSTMAN, CONCIERGE, AND GARDENER ARTISTS, IN LONDON.



"LE PONT HENRI IV."; BY LEON GREFFE (1877-1948), WHO WAS A CONCIERGE IN A LARGE BLOCK OF FLATS ON THE QUAYS ON THE RIGHT BANK. HE DEVISED FANCIFUL VIEWS OF PARIS. OIL. (28½ by 23½ ins.)



"LA MER"; BY DOMINIQUE PEYRONNET (1872-1943), A PRINTER SPECIALISING IN COLOUR LITHOGRAPHY BUT AFTER 1920 HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO PAINTING, AND FROM 1922 EXHIBITED REGULARLY. HE BEGAN IN THE IMPRESSIONIST STYLE. OIL. (45½ by 28½ ins.)



"CLOWN"; BY CAMILLE BOMBOIS (B. 1883). HIS SUBJECTS INCLUDE LANDSCAPES, CIRCUS PEOPLE, BALLOON-LIKE NUDES AND HALF-NUDES. OIL. (18½ by 15 ins.)

the race of modern primitives may well be extinct, for, with museums, schools, newspapers, the wireless, television and even posters introducing art to every member of the public, it is not easy to achieve the originality of innocence . . . The primitives whose work is on view include Vivin, the postman, Bombois, the circus strong man, Greffe, the concierge, and Seraphine Louis, the charwoman and road-sweeper. Some of these artists achieved success in their lifetime (several are still living), but few ever earned more than a few pounds a week.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a popular idea that lives in the grey North are drab to match, while in the South all is vivacity and *joie de vivre*. It is, in fact, a natural idea. But it gets no support from the inside. The world of Hardy, for example, may be less than gay—but look at Verga, his Sicilian parallel. And Verga is no lone despairer. "The Estate in Abruzzi," by Francesco Jovine (MacGibbon and Kee; 12s. 6d.), speaks much less deeply to the heart; but, in effect, it tells the same tale.

Calena is the centre of this little earth; it is a fell metropolis of blight, with "ancient deathlike wisdom" in its very stones. Everything happens at Calena, nothing changes. Nothing is capable of change. A few may start by trying, may start with energy and aspirations—but they soon decay, just as the local "baron" has decayed. Enrico Cannavale, to the peasants, is the "Devil's Goat." He is good-natured, generous and violent, a frenetic womaniser, wasting such funds as he can raise, rotting at intervals in his immense *palazzo*, riding his vast estate only when sloth and solitude have got him down. But then, what better can he do? The Sacramento used to be Church land; its sale was forced, and that same year the chapel was destroyed by lightning. Since then the peasants have refused to work it—though they cut fuel, and pasture sheep and goats. Meanwhile, erosion has set in. And yet it *ought* to be good land, if there were men and money to reclaim it. But there are only mortgages and lawsuits. Enrico once had a design to share it out; now he has given up.

Of course the poor, especially the landless, are in abject need. Yet there are chances for a village boy. He may contrive to study—somehow—under his own roof, and once a year take an exam. or two in Naples; that is, in years when he can find the cash. For instance, Luca of Morutri is a law-student. There are already fifty lawyers in Calena. And he won't escape; he will be far too precious to his village. Only the dull sons are allowed to go away, the students are a family investment.

But for two reasons, Luca's fate is to be more abrupt. Just then the blackshirts have arrived; the Devil's Goat has married. And Laura is a woman of ambition. She is Enrico's cousin, and an exile from the great world. Looking around for a new sphere, she picked the Sacramento lands, and made a dead set at the ageing landlord. The next thing is to raise a loan: which can be had, if she can get the peasants back to work. That is where Luca comes in useful; they believe in him, as he believes in Laura and her promises. When he learns better, she is far away—but there are blackshirts handy, to complete her triumph. On the personal side, the tale is rather excellent than moving. It is the social scene, the vision of Calena as a whole, that really grips and staggers.

"Three Bear Witness," by Patrick O'Brian (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), is also about peasant life, this time in the Welsh mountains. It is intensely personal, and ghastly in a quiet way. Yet it is full of beauty and of consolation. The three who build up its events—Bronwen, the wife of Emyr Vaughan, and Pugh the "incomer," and Lloyd the village schoolmaster—are being interrogated, as we learn, by a divine tribunal. This is perhaps in theory a flaw, because it leads to nothing. But it seems to work like a charm.

Pugh came to little Hafod for a rest cure, and has come back to live. He is an Oxford don, gentle, unhandy, indecisive. And he is rapt and awed by his surroundings. The village certainly is monstrous, a thing of nightmare; but then it is shut out of view. His daily contacts are at Gelli, with the Vaughan family. There all are courteous and kind: the dear old man, the fragile, exquisite old lady with her noble manners, the red-haired Emyr and his wife. Pugh finds a touching goodness in their household and domestic ways. Then, later on, he starts to puzzle about Bronwen. Is she a trifle harsh to the old lady? Surely it can't be so; she looks as good as she is lovely. Yet there is some bad undercurrent. . . . Only he doesn't want it to be Bronwen; he is racked with love.

Just then there comes a warning voice, giving the inside story of another farm, another model family. . . . No one could possibly have told. The Welsh are a closed race, says his informant; you can never tell.

But Pugh ignores this crank, and goes on judging by appearances. And in a sense he is quite right: right about Bronwen, about all the Vaughans, about the preacher Ellis. . . . Right about what they are; but *how* they are, what they are doing to one another, he has no conception, till the fearful end. The tale is beautifully set, intensely felt, and plain with ultimate sincerity.

"His Fellow Men," by Lord Dunsany (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.), has the effect of a nice stroll. First we go wandering with Mathew Perry in the gorgeous East. His object is to hunt big game; at least he says so to his aunts and uncles, who are not amused. But there is vaguely more behind. He is an Ulster youth, the child of murdered parents; quite soon he will be called on to revenge. So he has run away—in quest (it dawns on him among the Arabs) of a law of tolerance.

After much vagrancy and disappointment, he gets one from a sage in Istanbul. There is divinity in *all* the creeds. . . . So now, thinks simple Mathew, he can make for home, share everybody's faith and worship and be friends all round. He is a youth of overflowing responsiveness, and does it with a whole heart. And every time, whether in Ulster, Eire or in milder England, the results are shattering. And one is really not surprised. The travelogue has the Dunsany charm, and the crusade in Ireland is good comedy.

"Smoky Arena," by A. E. Clifford (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is a boxing yarn. Young Danny has come up from Mountford Junction to try his luck as a professional. After his first success, he tangles with a smart young beauty and a razor gang. But that encounter is mere byplay; only it shows what Benny and his lads are like to meet. And as it soon appears, he will be meeting them again. Some time, he will be told to lose a fight, or else. . . .

It is an honest, unpretentious little story, with a nice young hero, a love-affair more lifelike than romantic, and a sufficiency of thrills.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## "FRAKTUR AND FERE-HUMANISTICA."

IN the days before Miss Dorothy Sayers (alas!) gave up writing detective fiction, hardly a novel went by without Lord Peter Wimsey being temporarily distracted from the work in hand of tracking down the murderer by his enthusiasm as a bibliophile and the discovery of some rare acquisition for his library. I feel sure that Miss Sayers would therefore approve of "Talks on Book-Collecting," edited by P. H. Muir (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). This is a series of reprints of talks delivered under the authority of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association in the winter of 1948-49. The talks, which gain much in reading by the conversational style imposed on them by the circumstances in which they were delivered, are deliberately designed to be fairly elementary in character, and were intended originally for young booksellers and book-collectors. There is, of course, an

immense amount of *expertise* involved for both. As Mr. Simon Nowell-Smith, in a delightful chapter on "The Language of Book-Collecting," points out, ideally the bookseller should be omniscient. "He should be able to discuss *Fraktur* and *ferre-humanistica* with *Hirsutus*, the imposition of corantos with *Chartophylax*, *curiosa* and *faciæ* with *Quisquilius*, and with yet other customers Shakespearian proof corrections, Basque imprints, the origins of binders' tickets or dust-jackets, of machine-composing or three-colour process." But, as he also points out, in point of fact, booksellers specialise, and it becomes a question for both bookseller and collector of acquiring the irreducible minimum of technical terms. "Need you all know what a frisket is? or a rounce, a coffin, a quoin? You should know what a binder means by gathering, but need forwarding and finishing be words in your vocabulary?" Of all the seven talks here reproduced, Mr. Nowell-Smith's is perhaps the most helpful to the inexperienced, and his plea for more precision in the use of such technical catalogue phrases as "'as new,' mint, fine, good, nice, sound, wholesome, fair, poor, 'a little used,' etc.," will find many a sympathetic echo. Mr. P. H. Muir's introductory talk on "The Nature and Scope of Book-Collecting" covers inevitably the more specialised grounds of his contributors. The young student will find this talk of great value and its style engaging. The same can be said of Mr. E. P. Goldschmidt's contribution on "The Period Before Printing," with its curiosities, such as the fact that finely-written mediæval manuscripts are often worth a third of the value of a much later paper incunabula, of the same work. The other authors in this delightful little volume include Messrs. John Carter, Howard M. Nixon, Ernest Weil and Ifan Kyrle Fletcher, who fully maintain the high standard set by the editor.

The point about the value of manuscripts as opposed to *incunabula* is, as I say, a curious one. Apparently among the bibliophiles a manuscript, however finely executed on vellum and however historically interesting, is of comparatively small value unless illustrated. Professor D. Talbot-Rice, the author of "English Art, 871-1100" (Oxford University Press; 37s. 6d.), would have been hard put to produce this excellent addition to the Oxford History of English Art (edited by Professor T. S. R. Boase) if he had not had the manuscripts to fall back on, for so much of the other material has been destroyed. Whatever its origins, too, the remarkable absorptive capacity of these islands is shown in the essential Englishness of the styles which were evolved, notably in that which has come to be called the Winchester style. This is a book which will be equally valued by the historian, the art historian, the student and the general reader.

Skipping at least seven centuries, we come to "John Constable and the Fishers," by R. B. Beckett (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 25s.). Patronage and friendship have always played a large part in forming the fortunes of an artist and the young rustic John Constable owed much throughout his life to the fortunate chance of becoming friendly with John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, and with his son and other relations. This Bishop was a favourite cleric of George III., and for a short period the unhappy tutor of Princess Charlotte. Nevertheless, in spite of such afflictions as that imposed by the long war with the French, which led to champagne and burgundy being reserved for the King's table, so that the chaplains had to console themselves with "Claret, Hock, Madeira and Port," the good man was able to earn the not very happy encomium of Dr. Parr in the couplet—

Unsoiled by courts and unseduced by zeal  
Fisher endangers not the common weal.

But Fisher, as I say, will go down to history as one who encouraged the young painter, and whose son was a great and happy formative influence on Constable's life and work. The letters here, ably edited by the author of the lives of Hogarth and Lely, throw a pleasant light on life in the countryside in the early nineteenth century.

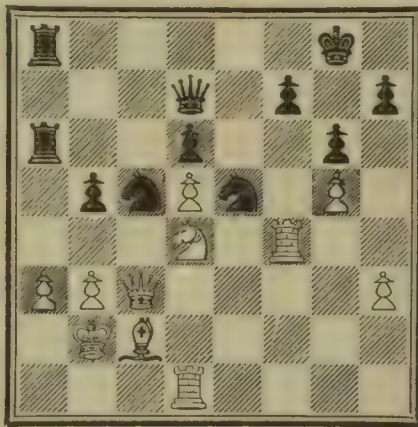
The picture painted of life in London a hundred years ago for the poor, and particularly for their children, in "Great Ormond Street," by Thomas Twistington Higgins (Odhams; 7s. 6d.), is very different. This is the story of a wonderful foundation. The Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street, celebrated its centenary on St. Valentine's Day this year. When Dr. Charles West set out to found a special hospital where children could be treated and their ailments scientifically studied, infant mortality in the cities of Britain, and particularly in London, was appalling. The full impact of the industrial revolution on the proletariat which it had created was just beginning to be felt, while public conscience was only just beginning to be aroused by the resultant horrors. Charles West's vision, and the enthusiasm with which he communicated it to his friends, finally led to the acquisition of No. 49 Great Ormond Street, once the house of Dr. Mead, the famous physician to Queen Anne. His vision became a reality and, on February 14, 1852, the doors of the Hospital for Sick Children were quietly opened by the porter without ceremony. Three days later the first patient was admitted—little three-and-a-half-year-old Eliza Armstrong. From those small beginnings "Great Ormond Street" has grown until its name is a household word, its services a monument to Christian charity and devotion.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is a position, from a recent postal game, which illustrates well the type of incidental peril which can arise at almost any stage of a game of chess. Black has just played a rook from K1 to R1, subjecting White's queen's rook's pawn to a double attack. The natural reply for White would be R-QR1, but R-QR1 would be a serious blunder. Can you see why?



## CHESS BY MACHINERY?

Would anybody be spoofed to-day by that famous "Chess Automaton" which ended its career just a century ago? I doubt it. A Hungarian nobleman, Baron von Kempelen, introduced to the court of Maria Theresa in 1770 a strange contraption which he claimed would play chess and win, without human aid. The figure of a Turk was seated behind a big chest on which rested a chessboard. "But there is ample room for a man to be concealed in the chest!" exclaimed the courtiers. The Baron was waiting for this. He opened up the three doors at the front of the chest in turn, revealing a mass of machinery. He then swung the chest round on its castors and opened up the back, finally wheeling it round the room for inspection as closely as anybody could desire and finally convincing all that there was not spare space for a cat, let alone a man.

Of course, there was a man in the chest, though so cunningly concealed that for over seventy years the so-called Chess Automaton was exhibited throughout the Old World and the New, without its mechanism being completely elucidated. Edgar Allan Poe's famous analysis, as near as most, was a mere re-hash (not to say "crib") of an article by Cambridge University's Robert Willis in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* of 1821. (Note the date! Though the contraption was then in its fifty-first year, wise men were still racking their brains to establish beyond doubt that it really was a spoof!)

Mechanical chess-players are in the news again, but Alan Turing, of Manchester University, possibly England's leading expert on electronic calculators, reassures me that the daily papers are normally twenty years or so ahead of him and regularly open even his eyes in wonderment. "Reassures me" because it would be a bit humbling to realise, after an evening's hard play, that a machine could have done the same work in ten minutes—and better.

The diagram? After 1. R-QR1, it is 1. . . P-Kt5 which would cook White's goose. For if 2. P×P, there would come 2. . . R×R; whilst if 2. Q×P, Kt (either) to Q6ch; 3. B×Kt, Kt×Bch wins White's queen.

its centenary on St. Valentine's Day this year. When Dr. Charles West set out to found a special hospital where children could be treated and their ailments scientifically studied, infant mortality in the cities of Britain, and particularly in London, was appalling. The full impact of the industrial revolution on the proletariat which it had created was just beginning to be felt, while public conscience was only just beginning to be aroused by the resultant horrors. Charles West's vision, and the enthusiasm with which he communicated it to his friends, finally led to the acquisition of No. 49 Great Ormond Street, once the house of Dr. Mead, the famous physician to Queen Anne. His vision became a reality and, on February 14, 1852, the doors of the Hospital for Sick Children were quietly opened by the porter without ceremony. Three days later the first patient was admitted—little three-and-a-half-year-old Eliza Armstrong. From those small beginnings "Great Ormond Street" has grown until its name is a household word, its services a monument to Christian charity and devotion.



# ART OF THE NETHERLANDS AT WORTHING: WORKS FROM A CURRENT LOAN EXHIBITION.



"SEASCAPE"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1665), WHOSE RENDERING OF THE CHANGING HARMONIES OF CLOUD AND LIGHT IS UNRIVALLED. SIGNED AND DATED 1639. OIL ON PANEL. (16 by 25 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY PAULUS MOREELSE (1571-1638), WHO IS DESCRIBED AS A PAINTER, ARCHITECT AND ENGRAVER. OIL ON PANEL. (24 by 19 ins.)



ONE OF A PAIR. "A PANEL, FRUIT AND INSECTS"; BY JAN VAN KESSEL (1620-1679), A NEPHEW AND PUPIL OF "VELVET" BRUEGHEL, WHO EXCELLED AT THE DETAILED PAINTING OF FLOWERS AND INSECTS. OIL ON PANEL. (5½ by 7½ ins.)



"THE FEATHERED CHOIR"; BY MELCHIOR DE HONDECOETER (1636-1695), PUPIL OF HIS FATHER, GYSBERT D'HONDECOETER (OR DE HONDECOETER). THE OWL IS ACTING AS CHOIRMASTER. OIL ON CANVAS. (14½ by 49 ins.)



"A BOY WITH A BIRDCAGE"; BY CASPAR NETSCHER (1639-1684), WHO WAS BORN IN HEIDELBERG, BUT LIVED AND WORKED IN HOLLAND. OIL ON PANEL. (7 by 6 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER, CALLED "VELVET" (1568-1625), AND FRANCES FRANKEN (1580-1642). JAN BRUEGHEL OFTEN, AS HERE, PAINTED THE LANDSCAPE FOR OTHER ARTISTS, SUCH AS RUBENS AND VAN BALEN. OIL ON PANEL. (18 by 31 ins.)

An Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Paintings from the collection of Mrs. Dorothy Hart, widow of Mr. Geoffrey Hart, has been arranged in the Worthing Art Gallery. It was due to be opened on July 18 by Mr. Beverley Nichols and will continue till August 30. On this page we reproduce a selection of the pictures which the owner has generously lent for exhibition. Mr. Hart built up the collection, and many works were acquired from famous collections such as the Sudelmayer,

Ennicken and Junker Six. As Mr. Bickerton, the Curator of the Worthing Art Gallery, points out in his introduction to the catalogue, "Of all schools of European painting the Dutch School probably appeals to the average Englishman more than any. Perhaps the reason is that the same stormy skies and often grey landscape which van Goyen or Willem van de Velde saw are part of our experience too. . . . It is undemonstrative, quiet, like the English character itself."



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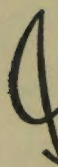
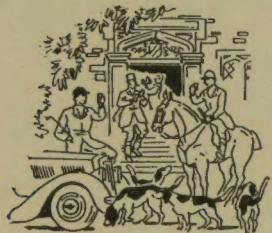
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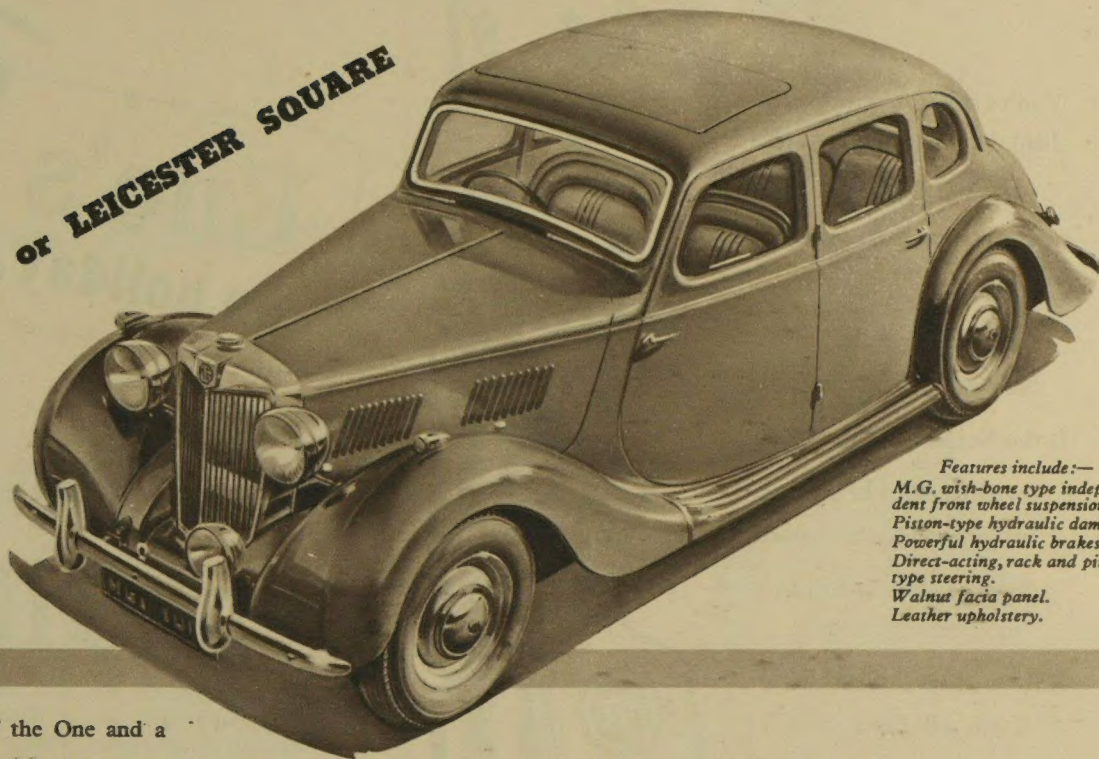
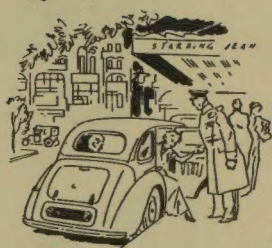
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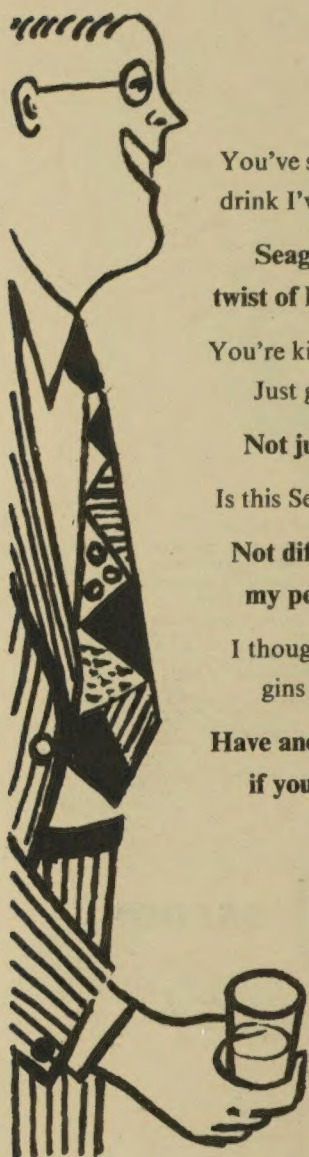


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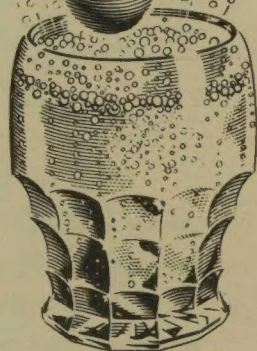


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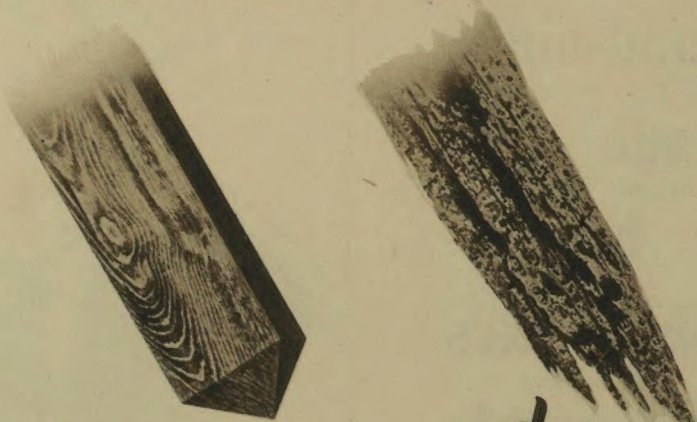
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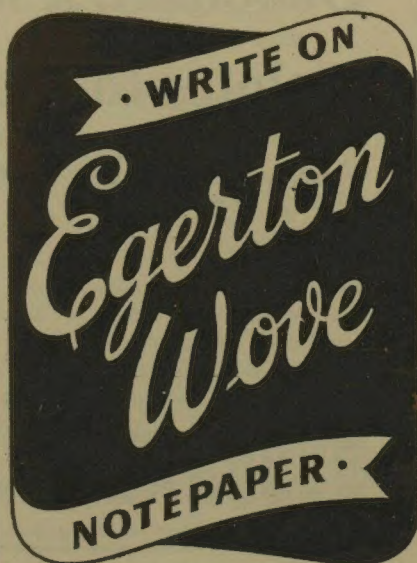
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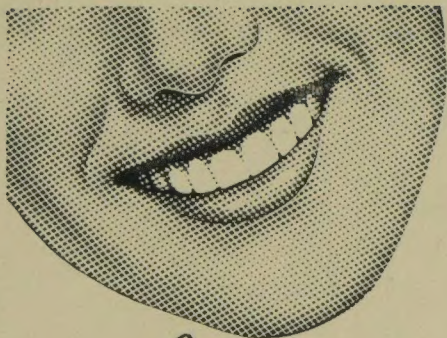


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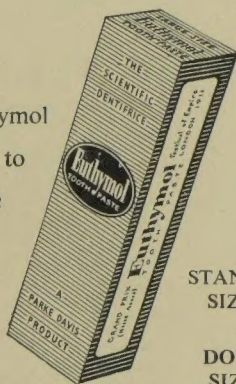






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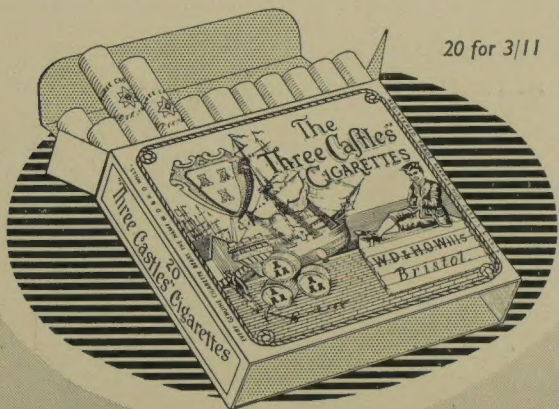
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